

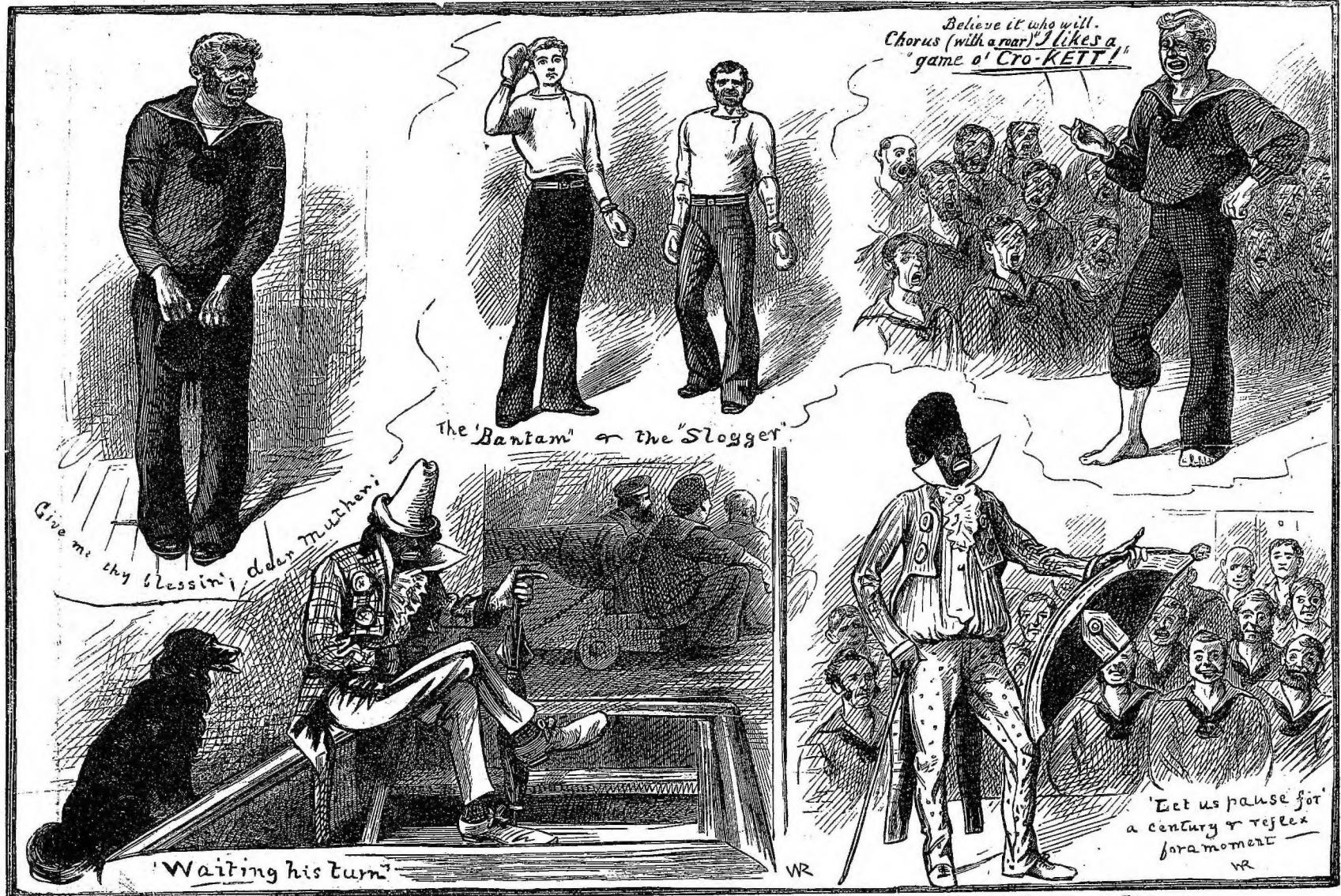
THE CORPORAL

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 632.—VOL. XXV.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1882

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny] PRICE SIXPENCE



A "FREE AND EASY" ON BOARD H.M. TRAINING SHIP "BOSCAWEN"



NOTES FROM SOUTH AFRICA—BASUTO POLICE WITH THEIR LEADER, COLONEL SCHERMBRUCKER



IRELAND — RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.— Radical journalists and orators have lately taken to appeal to the magnanimity of their opponents. "We confess Ireland is in a bad way; don't let us squabble as to whose fault it was, but let us jointly strive to set matters right." This sounds patriotic, nevertheless it is perfectly reasonable that a man should carefully study the Irish policy of the Government since they came into power as a guide for future action. Looking back, we find an abortive Compensation for Disturbance Bill, the undoubted parent of the subsequent "No Rent" agitation; a singular apathy in dealing with the daily increasing lawlessness; and an attempted prosecution which ended in utter failure. At last, when public indignation began to wax hot, the counsels of those Ministers who still retained some prejudices in favour of law and order prevailed, a Coercion Act was passed, alleged disturbers of the public peace were shut up in prison without trial, and the Land League was officially suppressed. Now is it all very well to say "let bygones be bygones," but it is notorious that this alternate policy of coaxing and slapping has had a most evil effect on Ireland. The gratitude which might have been elicited by the Land Act was choked by the Kilmainham arrests; the tardy firmness, which might have heartened loyal Irishmen, was damaged by the recollection that the Land League was tolerated so long as it served the Government as an excuse for passing a stringent Land Bill. Nor is there much prospect of improvement during the new year. The peasantry have now got so accustomed to the conception of the total abolition of landlords, that even if the business of the Land Courts were all finished, and every tenant-farmer had got 25 per cent. reduction, it would scarcely mitigate the prevailing discontent. And, besides all this, there is the temptation constantly held up by the American-Irish, "Why should not Ireland be as independent as we are; or, at least, as independent as Canada and Australia are?" Altogether, then, the prospects of Ireland during 1882 are not too encouraging. Still, there is some satisfaction in noting that Mr. Bright has completely abandoned his fantastic theory that "force is no remedy," and that he talks almost like an orthodox Whig official. Mr. Chamberlain, too, puts his foot down firmly against disintegration schemes. Lord Derby, as usual, steers a common-sense medium course. Having fortunately sold his Irish estates before the evil times came on, he is able to offer admirable, if rather cold-blooded, advice to both landlords and tenants.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION IN EGYPT.—It is stated that the English and French Governments have at last succeeded in arriving at "a conditional arrangement with regard to Egypt." What may be the exact character of the "conditional arrangement" we do not know; but the two Governments are said to be prepared, in the event of any further military disturbance, to give effective support to the Khedive. According to one authority, England has decided, should the necessity arise, to send troops from India, while France would send French marines. Some of Mr. Gladstone's followers would, no doubt, be considerably astonished by such vigorous action as this; and it must be admitted that in the days of the Mid-Lothian speeches he often used language which might be quoted against him now with some effect. However this may be, the majority of Englishmen would heartily support him in the determination to put down, in association with France, the military adventurers who have lately caused so much trouble and alarm in Egypt. It is generally admitted that if Egypt could become genuinely independent, that would be best both for herself and for the rest of the world; but she certainly could not receive independence from a few mutinous and intriguing soldiers. Probably the mere threat of English and French intervention will suffice to prevent Arabi Bey and his friends from doing more mischief. When they made their famous demonstration, they had little doubt that England and France would quarrel, and that the efforts of the army would be supported by some other Power or Powers. The Identical Note which is about to be addressed to the Khedive will effectually disturb these calculations, and dissipate the hopes that have been built upon them.

THE IRISH LANDOWNERS.—The grievances of the Irish landlords were calmly and temperately set forth at the Dublin meeting. They accept, or rather they submit to, the Land Act as in itself irrevocable, but they object to the manner in which it has been carried out. Hasty surveys, they allege, have been made by incompetent or prejudiced persons, and in consequence of these cursory investigations, the Sub-Commissioners have in many instances reduced rents far below the standard publicly avowed by Ministers when the Land Bill was introduced. They therefore pray that these decisions may be re-examined, and that pending such appeals the further action of the Assistant Commissioners should be stayed. With regard to any general claim for compensation, the meeting evidently felt that at the present time such a demand would be unseasonable, and therefore nothing was said about it. The question at once arises, Are the Irish landlords likely to get their prayers, or any portion of their prayers, answered? If such matters

as these were settled by the righteousness of the cause, no doubt they would have a fair chance of redress. Whatever we may think theoretically of the Land Act, the measure submitted to Parliament was, in its avowed aims, a very different measure from that which is now practically at work. The Land League proposal to take Griffith's valuation as a standard was indignantly characterised by Mr. Gladstone as a scheme of public plunder, and, as it was confidently asserted that the Land Bill was only intended for rack-renters and such like evil-doers, landlords were consoled by the recollection that the vast majority of their class were (according to the solemn testimony of the Bessborough Commission) fair-dealing reasonable men. Having thus contrived to cajole their Whig adherents, the Ministerialists, as soon as the Bill was passed, threw off the mask of moderation. The landlords are now told to think themselves lucky that they have been compelled to disgorge only a percentage of their ill-gotten gains, and Lord Monck is put up to speak of the Griffith valuation as if it was something divinely inspired. But though believing that the Irish landowners have been wilfully deceived, and that the working of the Land Act has come upon them as a painful surprise, we greatly doubt if they will get any redress of their grievances. They are a small class, they have no howling multitude behind them to back them up, they can therefore be plundered without difficulty. It is most unlikely that the Government will suspend the operation of the Land Act, which already works slowly enough, in order to reconsider decisions which are alleged to be iniquitous. As for compensation out of the national purse, we advise them not to ask for it, for we are sure they won't get it. If ever the poor overburdened British taxpayer is asked to spend a hundred millions on Ireland, let it be for the purpose of chartering a mighty fleet of steamers for conveying the entire human population of that island across the Atlantic. N.B.—No return tickets to be issued.

HOME RULE IN NATAL.—The people of Natal are apparently resolved that they shall obtain the right of regulating their own affairs in their own way. In regard to the appointment of Mr. Sendall, Lord Kimberley was obliged to accede to their will; but he seems to be unwilling to sanction any essential change in the existing relations of the colony to the mother country. His difficulty is that the natives ought not to be placed under the control of the European population; and this would probably be accepted in England as an effective answer to the demand of the colonists, if it were impossible to devise a method of protecting the natives from injustice. But why not grant the colony the right of self-government in matters that affect the Europeans alone, reserving the right of supervision and veto in questions that concern the natives? This is the solution which the colonists themselves propose, and it seems to be not only fair, but in exact accordance with the principles which have regulated our colonial policy in other parts of the world. A Minister in London cannot know so well as a Legislative Council on the spot who are the proper persons to form the Executive. The present system worked well enough when Natal was in its infancy; but now that it promises to become an important and flourishing country, it is right that it should have as much independence as can be safely conceded to it. It is said that the concession would have a good effect not only in Natal but in the Free States and the Transvaal. In these countries, it seems, there is a general suspicion that England will by and by seize an opportunity to use Natal as a basis of operations against the Dutch element in South Africa. We may think ourselves fortunate if we can remove this unfounded notion by doing what is in itself an act of justice.

LONDON WATER SUPPLY.—A writer in Tuesday's *Times* expresses a wish that Parliament would for one single Session abjure large legislative changes, and attempt some urgently-needed practical reforms. We fear his suggestion is Utopian; the busybodies who are miscalled politicians would never permit such a gap in their career of barren activity. Still, if Parliament will insist on attending to the *haute politique*, it should also find time for the minor *politique*, or delegate its functions to some other authority. Of these so-called petty matters, but which are really of far more importance to the well-being of the community than extensions of the franchise, the London water supply occupies no unimportant place. Everybody is agreed that the supply of water is one of those functions which should be vested in a public body, and not in a private corporation whose main object is to make money. If the change were made, we should most likely get better water, cheaper water, more of it, and have it always "on." Well, the question was considered by the late Government, and terms of purchase were actually arranged between the companies and Mr. E. J. Smith, an eminent calculator, who represented the public. The arrangement having been examined by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, the proposed terms were pronounced to be exorbitant and monstrous; a storm of indignation and mockery was poured on the unfortunate head of Sir Richard (then Mr.) Cross; and there can be no doubt that the combined sentiment of ridicule and annoyance thus evoked helped powerfully to oust the Beaconsfield Government from office. Yet there seems every reason to believe that this onslaught on poor Mr. Smith (he soon afterwards died) was artificially got up for party purposes by the Opposition, and that the innocent public fell blindly into the trap. It is now admitted that Mr. Smith's estimates were reasonable, and not exorbitant, and that we had better

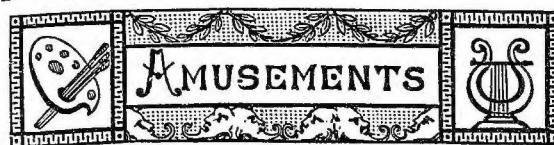
have accepted the bargain he arranged two years ago, for we shall have to pay more if we buy out the companies at once, and more still the longer we delay. Let Sir William Harcourt look to this, and endeavour to atone for his conduct in throwing undeserved mud at Mr. Cross in 1880. He was then one of the ringleaders.

GERMANY AND THE PORTE.—There can be no doubt that the Turks have been indulging in sanguine anticipations lately as to the possibility of an alliance between their country and Germany. Prince Bismarck has done nothing to discourage these hopes, and he has even given some ground for them by the readiness with which he has consented to the acceptance of important posts in Turkey by German officials. It has been assumed by some of his English critics that his purpose is merely to call off the attention of the German people from their own difficulties at home; and it is, no doubt, true that he would be well pleased if the Liberals could be induced to think more about Turkey than about his despotic system of government. Prince Bismarck has, however, solid reasons for trying to establish order in Turkey. For the Porte for its own sake he probably cares nothing; and if it were certain that the expulsion of the Ottoman Government from Europe would give no advantage to Russia, it may be safely said that he would take no part in the solution of the Eastern Question. But, like every other German statesman, he recognises that his own country would be directly affected by the break-up of the existing system in South-Eastern Europe. It is not at all improbable, therefore, that he may have decided to do what he can to aid the Turks in placing what remains of their former power on a firm basis. He has an excellent opportunity at present, when Russia is too much occupied with her internal troubles to give much heed to what passes in other countries. His task, if he undertook it in earnest, would certainly not be an enviable one; but it does not follow that, because all previous attempts of a similar kind have failed, his attempt would fail too. Prussian officials have an unrivalled faculty of organisation, and the Sultan may at last have convinced himself that the execution of genuine reforms can no longer be safely postponed.

THE WINE DUTIES.—The readjustment of these imposts is a difficult matter under any circumstances, but it is rendered additional difficult by the bearing which these duties exercise upon the French Treaty now under negotiation. The French are capital hands at a bargain, and they are well aware that, with our meagre Customs' Tariff, we have practically no concessions which we can make to them, except in the matter of wine importation. The majority of disinterested persons, however, think that France has already been unduly favoured in this respect. Her wines, being light in alcoholic strength, are admitted at the shilling duty; whereas the wines of Spain, South Africa, and Australia, being mostly over twenty-six degrees of proof, pay half-a-crown a gallon. For our own part, we should like to see our Free Trade policy carried out thoroughly, and all commercial treaties with other countries abolished. We should then arrange our Customs' duties to suit our own convenience, and not that of foreigners. Our Australian trade is now as valuable as that with France, and is likely in the near future to become much more valuable; we should not therefore handicap Australian wine, especially as just now France sends us a lot of cheap inferior stuff which she imports from Spain and Italy. As to the method of levying the duty, that must be left to experts to decide; the sudden leap from a shilling to half-a-crown is manifestly unfair; yet a more elaborate scale becomes very complicated for practical work.

THE POPE.—During the last few weeks there have been many vague rumours as to the progress of negotiations affecting the position of the Pope. It is not improbable that there is some foundation for these reports, since it has become almost necessary for Prince Bismarck to make a resolute effort for the reconciliation of Church and State in Germany. The Liberals become more and more opposed to his policy, and if he cannot secure the support of the Catholics his "social reforms" have not the faintest chance of being accepted by the Reichstag. As he can hardly propose the repeal of the Falk Laws, the only way in which he can hope to attach the Clericals to his cause is by doing something for the direct benefit of the Head of their Church. That he has ever thought of suggesting the transfer of Rome to the Pope is in the highest degree unlikely. That would be bitterly opposed by the Italian people, and Prince Bismarck, we may be sure, has no intention of permanently alienating Italy, which has already been a useful ally of Germany, and may be still more useful to her hereafter. He may, however, be of opinion that it would be possible to induce several of the Great Powers to unite with Italy in guaranteeing the Pope's liberty of action. Such a guarantee would probably be effective for its purpose, and the Pope would be able to accept from a combination of States what he could not accept with dignity, or perhaps with safety, from Italy alone. If he and the Italian Government were prepared to accede to this settlement, we do not see that anybody else would have reason to complain of it. But does the Pope really wish to put an end to his "imprisonment?" Does he not prefer to confine himself to the Vatican, in the hope that some unexpected turn of affairs in Europe may once more make him master of Rome? The outside world has no means of answering these questions, and it is still uncertain whether, even if the Pope changed his policy, Italy would consent to act in the matter with other Powers.

NOTICE.—With this Number is presented an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON," from the Picture by John Collier, exhibited at the Royal Academy, and purchased by the President and Council under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. This engraving forms the FRONTISPICE to VOL. XXIV.



A "FREE-AND-EASY" ON BOARD THE "BOSCAWEN"

As cheerfulness is recommended, if not absolutely ordered, by the Training Regulations, the Free-and-Easy is stamped with the seal of official authority. The tone of these entertainments is perhaps not quite so high as the officers might make it, still the line is drawn somewhere. Everybody relishes a song "with a swing;" a chorus is, of course, a necessity; and then there is the nigger stumper and the nigger banjoist, the hornpipe, and some good hard pounding with the boxing-gloves. A large number of "Our Boys" have quick ears for picking up a tune, and a mighty fondness for personalities (perhaps this is because a large percentage of "Boscawens" are Cockneys, although not Arabs.) These entertainments used to be misnamed "Penny Readings," although there were no pennies and but few readings—they have now reverted to their old name, "Free-and-Easies."—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. C. W. Cole, Paymaster, H.M.S. Boscawen.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. Every Night at half-past eight, James Albery's Comedy, TWO ROSES. Mr. Digby Grant, Mr. Irving; Our Mr. Jenkins, Mr. David James, Mr. Howe, Mr. Terriss, Mr. George Alexander; Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Helen Mathews, Mrs. Panceifer, Miss Ewell. At half-past seven, THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH. Messrs. Terriss, Andrews, Carter; Miss Louisa Payne and Miss Helen Mathews. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open to till 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE ROYAL.—Lessee, A. G. GWYLLIN CROWE. Under the Management of Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG. EVERY EVENING, at 7, Grand Christmas Pantomime, LITTLE BO-PEEP, LITTLE BOY BLUE, AND THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN THAT LIVED IN A SHOE, written and produced by William Young. Morning Performances, To-day, Saturday, Dec. 31, and every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE (late ASTLEY'S), Westminster Bridge Road.—The great Circus Company. The Menagerie and gorgeous Pantomime, BLUE BEARD. The Spectacular Display in the Marriage Scene does by far eclipse any production ever previously submitted to the public, the Company and Auxiliary Engineers, 800 people, 500 Horses, 50 of the Smallest and Handiest Ponies to be found in any establishment, 1000 Little Puttan Army, 100 Circassian Ladies in the extravagant Oriental costume, 50 Savages, 50 Staff-Bearers, 100 Ladies-in-Waiting upon Bluebeard, Selim and his 250 followers, in gold and silver armours, 12 Camels and Dromedaries, and the Pure White Horses of the Sun. The Marriage Procession of Bluebeard, in which will appear 10 Elephants, Zebras, Bluebeard, Fatima, with their numerous attendants, seated in magnificent array upon the back of the Monster Elephant, "Ajax." There is nothing like it under the sun. PERFORMANCES DAILY, Two and Seven o'clock. Proprietors and Managers, J. and G. SANGER.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—As a preventive to fire, which of late has been so lamentably prevalent in theatres, &c., the proprietors have ENTIRELY DISPENSED with the use of GAS in their large THEATRE, which is entirely ILLUMINATED, interior and exterior, with the ELECTRIC LIGHT (Brush system), the aid of which considerably improves the brilliancy of the magnificent pantomime and circus performance. No danger of fire or explosion.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Every Monday at 1, and EVERY EVENING at 7, the brilliantly successful comic Pantomime, THE ENCHANTED DOVE; or, the Princess, the Poodle, and the Sorceress. Mrs. S. Lane, Misses Rose Randall, Adams, Nash, Lewis, Eversleigh, Lums and Stella. Messrs. Lauri, Lewis, Bigwood, Lay, Newbould, Drayton, Tom Lovell, Lawrence, and the Bros. Wemms. Concluding with a New Comedietta.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager Mrs. NYE CHART.—EVERY EVENING will be produced by Mrs. Nye Chart, the Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled, DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT. Written by F. W. Green and Charles Millward.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—THE FORTY THIEVES. Christmas gorgeous Comic Pantomime. Scenery by William Callcott, Maltby, Ellerman, and assistants. Costumes by Mrs. S. May and Mrs. Norman. Watteau Ballet, arranged by Miss Hawkins. Clown, Mr. Fred Evans. Every Evening, at 8.45. AMY ROBART at 6.30. Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 10, AT 3.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS will give a SPECIAL DAY PERFORMANCE of their most successful Holiday Performance. Doors open at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. GREAT AND GLORIOUS TRIUMPH

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT. Pronounced by the whole of the leading metropolitan journals THE BEST EVER PRODUCED by this company.

See The Times, Dec. 27. Daily News, Dec. 27. Telegraph, Dec. 27. Standard, Dec. 27. Morning Advertiser, Dec. 27.

The same magnificent programme will be repeated MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at 3, and EVERY NIGHT at 8.

Places can be secured at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, one month in advance. No fees for booking. No charge for programmes. No fees of any description.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

Doors open for the Day Performances at 2.30.

Evening at 7.30.

Children under Twelve half-price to Area and Stalls.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place. AGES AGO, by W. S. Gilbert and Frederic Clay. MASTER TOMMY'S THEATRICALS, a New Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with OUR DOLL'S HOUSE, by W. Yardley. Music by Cotsford Dick. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. During Christmas Holidays, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The EXHIBITION OF WORKS by the OLD MASTERS and DECEASED MASTERS of the BRITISH SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN. Admittance (from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m.), 1s. Catalogue 6d., or bound in cloth with pencil, 1s. Season Ticket, 5s. At Dusk the Galleries are lighted by the ELECTRIC LIGHT.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The CURATORSHIP of the ANTIQUE SCHOOL is NOW VACANT. Hours of attendance 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., and 5.00 to 7.00 p.m. Salary £250 a year. Painters or Sculptors only are eligible. Applications, stating age and testimonials addressed to "The Secretary," Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, Piccadilly, on or before January 21st.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. Gallery, 5s. Pall Mall, S.W.

H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

GROSVENOR GALLERY WINTER EXHIBITION.—The Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery NOW OPEN from 10 to 6, with a collection of watercolour drawings, and a complete collection of the works of G. F. Watts, R.A., forming the first of a series of annual winter exhibitions, illustrating the works of the most eminent living painters. Admission One Shilling. Season Tickets, 5s.

DORÉS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily to 6. One Shilling.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND. Now on VIEW. RORKE'S DRIFT, by A. DE NEUVILLE, An exceedingly fine Etching. Just Published. Also BIONDINA, by SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. ENGRAVED BY S. COUSINS, R.A.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance including Postage and the extra Christmas and Summer Numbers, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

All Parts of Europe	3s.
Africa, West Coast	
Australia	
Brazil	
Canada	
Cape of Good Hope	
Egypt	
Jamaica	
Mexico	
Monte Vide	
Natal	
New Zealand	
St. Thomas	
Suez	
United States	
West Indies	

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is 1d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and ad. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

To Ceylon
China

42s. 6d. Thick Edition, or 36s. the Thin Edition.
Postage of Single Copies, 1d. and 1½d.

NOTE.—Subscribers are strongly recommended to procure the ordinary THICK Edition, as the illustrations when printed on the thin paper are never satisfactory. The difference is merely the extra cost of postage, amounting to 4s. 6d. or 6s. 6d. for the whole year, as indicated in the foregoing list.

Subscriptions can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to

E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

THE GRAPHIC IN PARIS
Can be obtained at THE GRAPHIC Office, where all information respecting Subscriptions and Advertisements will be given.

15, RUE BLEUE, PARIS.

actually "overland," when travellers made personal acquaintance between Cairo and Suez with the Desert, being jolted over it in little two-horse omnibuses.

Then came the Suez Canal, vehemently opposed by Palmerston, energetically pressed on by De Lesseps. De Lesseps triumphed—there was a waterway for gallant ships between the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, and now most of the merchandise and nearly all the passenger traffic between East and West seeks that route. So much history has been made since, that it is hard to believe that only twelve years have elapsed since the Suez Canal was opened by the Empress Eugénie.

The Canal is not perfection. It is too small for its work. In his most sanguine moments De Lesseps never anticipated the crowded thoroughfare it was destined to become. Consequently, like Fleet Street and Cheapside, it is liable to "blocks," and if one vessel chances to get aground, she causes the detention of numerous others. Conceive, then, the wrath which is aroused. Merchants and shipowners are prepared for these contingencies, passengers are not. A homeward-bound Anglo-Indian grudges every day lost from his precious "leave;" an outward-bounder fears that through being too late he may lose some lucrative appointment.

The matter is becoming urgent. The Canal must be widened, and improved up to modern requirements.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. C. C. Hearsey.

THE EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE

THE recent disastrous encounter of the pinnace of H.M.S. London with a slave dhow, in which Captain Brownrigg and two of his crew were killed, has once more drawn attention to the slave trade still carried on by the Arabs on the East Coast of Africa. Generally speaking the Arabs do not offer any serious resistance to the steam pinnaces which are employed upon this service, but as some of the dhows are now furnished with firearms the Admiralty have decided to despatch two well-armed schooners for slave cruising off the coast of Zanzibar—the Undine and Harrier, depicted in our illustration. Both vessels were originally yachts, and were purchased last June by the Government from Messrs. Camper and Nicholson of Gosport, and have been converted by that firm into armed cruisers. The Undine is commanded by Lieutenant Ponsford, and is of 267 tons burthen. She was originally named Morna, and was built at Gosport, in 1874, for Mr. William Houldsworth, and she subsequently came into the possession of the late Baroness Meyer de Rothschild, who lived on board nearly a year, and by whom she was named the Zaria. The Harrier is of 150 tons, and is commanded by Lieutenant Willcox. She was built, in 1872, by Messrs. Hansen and Sons, of Cowes, for Mr. John Pollock, of Lismore, Ballinasloe, who made several long cruises in her. Both vessels have necessarily been greatly altered internally, and each has been supplied with a 9-pounder gun, with 170 rounds of ammunition, and also a machine gun, besides rifles, pistols, swords, boarding-pikes, and axes.

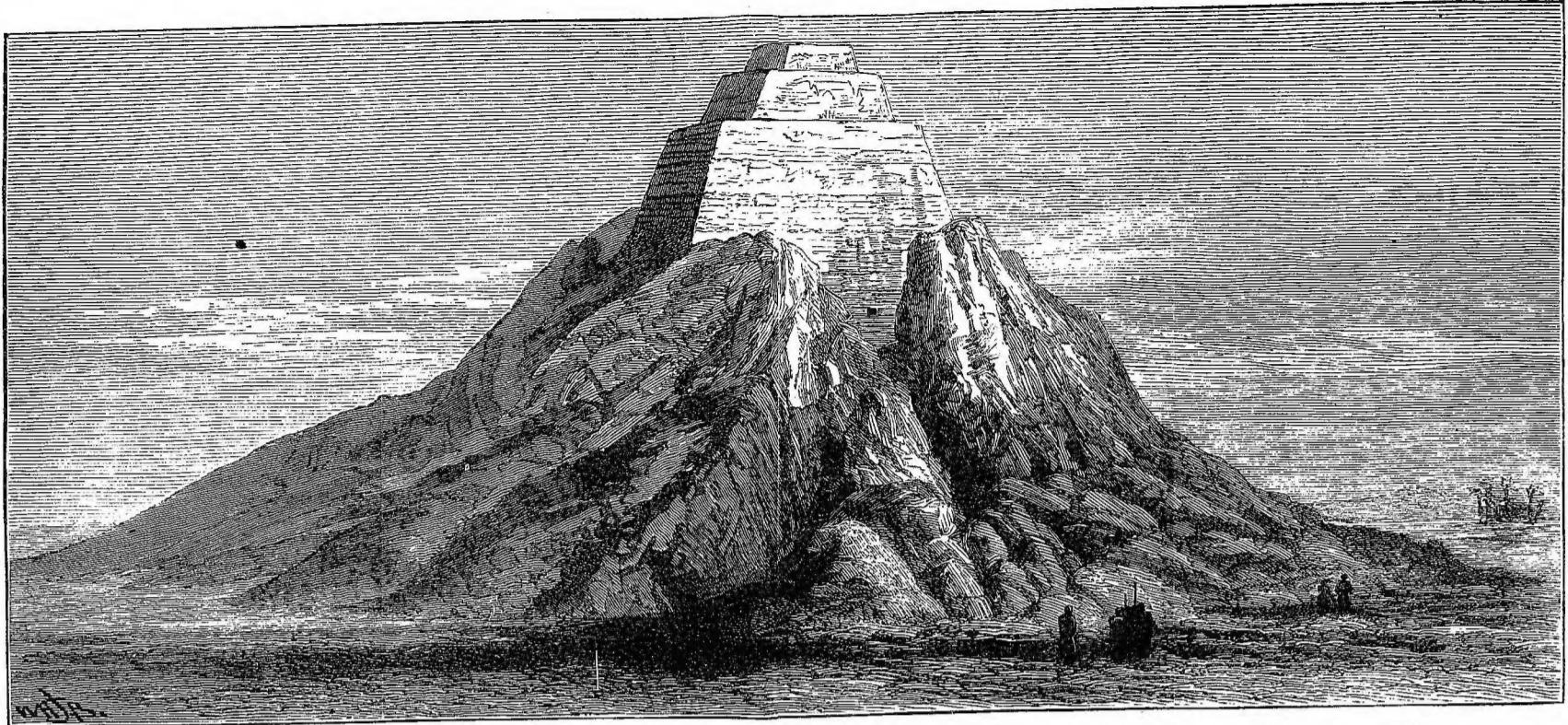
THE CONDITION OF IRELAND

THE first week of the New Year has been full of more than usually exciting news from Ireland. On Monday the Mayors were installed in office, and the ceremony was in many places made the occasion of expressing sympathy with the Land League. By the way, Alderman Mangan, the new Mayor of Drogheda, is a "suspect" in Kilmainham. On Tuesday the freedom of the City of Dublin was conferred on Messrs. Parnell and Dillon, and the Corporation resolved to ask the Lord-Lieutenant to allow them to leave Kilmainham to receive it. The Freedom of the City of Cork was also unanimously voted to Mr. Dillon, but only twenty-one members of the Council out of fifty-six were present at the meeting. On Tuesday, too, the great meeting of landowners took place in Dublin, the Duke of Abercorn presiding over a gathering of more than 3,000 noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies, who adopted resolutions protesting against the action of the Assistant Commissioners under the Land Act; asking for delay of the proceedings pending appeals; and urging the necessity of compensation if the decisions were upheld. Lord James Butler suggested an amendment denouncing the Land Act as unjust, and pledging the meeting to obtain its modification or repeal; but this was declared to be out of order, and the rearranged programme was adhered to, copies of the resolutions being ordered to be sent to the Premier and the Lord-Lieutenant, and "God save the Queen" being played on the organ ere the meeting broke up. The three Land Commissioners and their thirty-six assistants have resumed work after their Christmas holidays. About 70,000 cases are awaiting the courts of first instance. Lord Monck has written a letter defending the Sub-Commissioners' fixture of an average standard of rent. A Treasury minute regulating the advance of loans to tenants who wish to improve their holdings has been issued. The lady Land-Leaguers, defiant of the police, held meetings on Sunday all over the country. The Dublin gathering, presided over by Miss Parnell, remained in session an hour, and then marched in a body through the police, who were watching outside, but who made no arrests. Several ladies were, however, arrested in provincial towns, and all were warned concerning the illegality of their proceedings, many names being taken with a view to prosecution. The ladies, however, continue obstinate, and Miss Parnell has issued her fiat for the holding of regular weekly meetings by all the branches. The new issue of the United Ireland, printed in London and sent thence to Dublin, was seized on its arrival, some copies at the railway station, others at the office, and others at various news-vendors'. Some copies of the Irish World were also seized, and the circulation of O'Donovan Rossa's Irishman has been prohibited. The record of crime which stains the past year had its final addition on Saturday, when a shocking murder was committed at Irishtown, near Mullingar, where an unknown man walked into a farmhouse and shot at an old lady of eighty-three and her two daughters, killing one of the younger women and seriously wounding the other. A great check has, however, been given to messieurs les assassins by the arrest of the man Connell at Musher, who is supposed to be the veritable "Captain Moonlight," the leader of the gang which has committed so many dastardly outrages in different parts of the country. Papers were found in his clothing revealing the existence of a regular Ribbon Society, by which sentences of death had been passed upon five persons, and of mutilation or other maltreatment upon a number of others. The police have promptly followed up this advantage, and a number of Connell's supposed accomplices have been arrested.

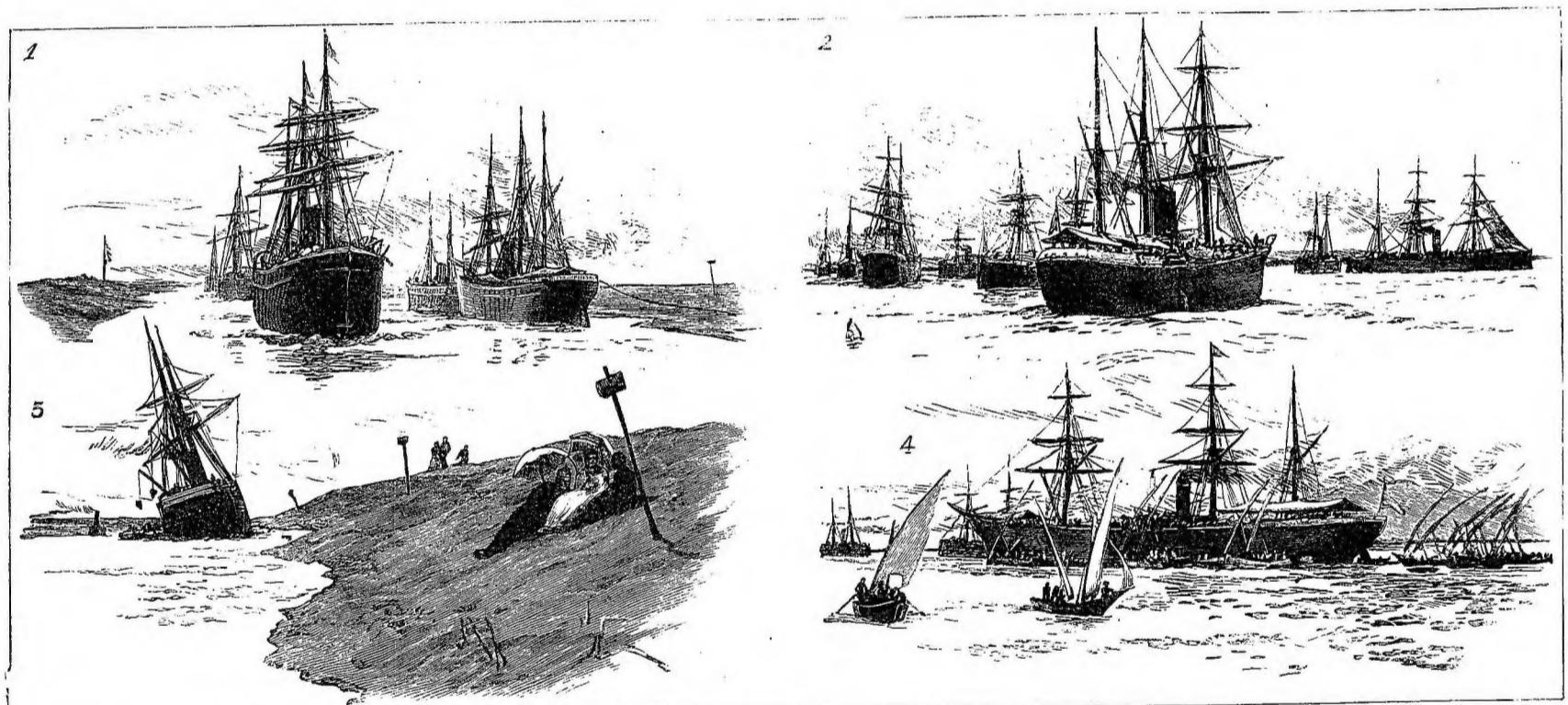
Turning to our engravings, "Within and Without" show the wretched manner in which evicted tenants are often compelled to shelter themselves by the roadside, while close at hand stand their once comfortable cottages, dismantled, and tenanted only by rats. Of the house represented in the next two sketches, we need only say that it was entirely built in one day; and of the remaining sketch we may remark that it depicts a condition of things now happily past, as the Privy Council has issued an order authorising the service of writs by post in proclaimed districts, a measure which if adopted long earlier might have prevented much bitterness of feeling and perhaps some bloodshed, as well as relieving the police from one of their most disagreeable duties.

THE OUTRAGE AT DUNECHT

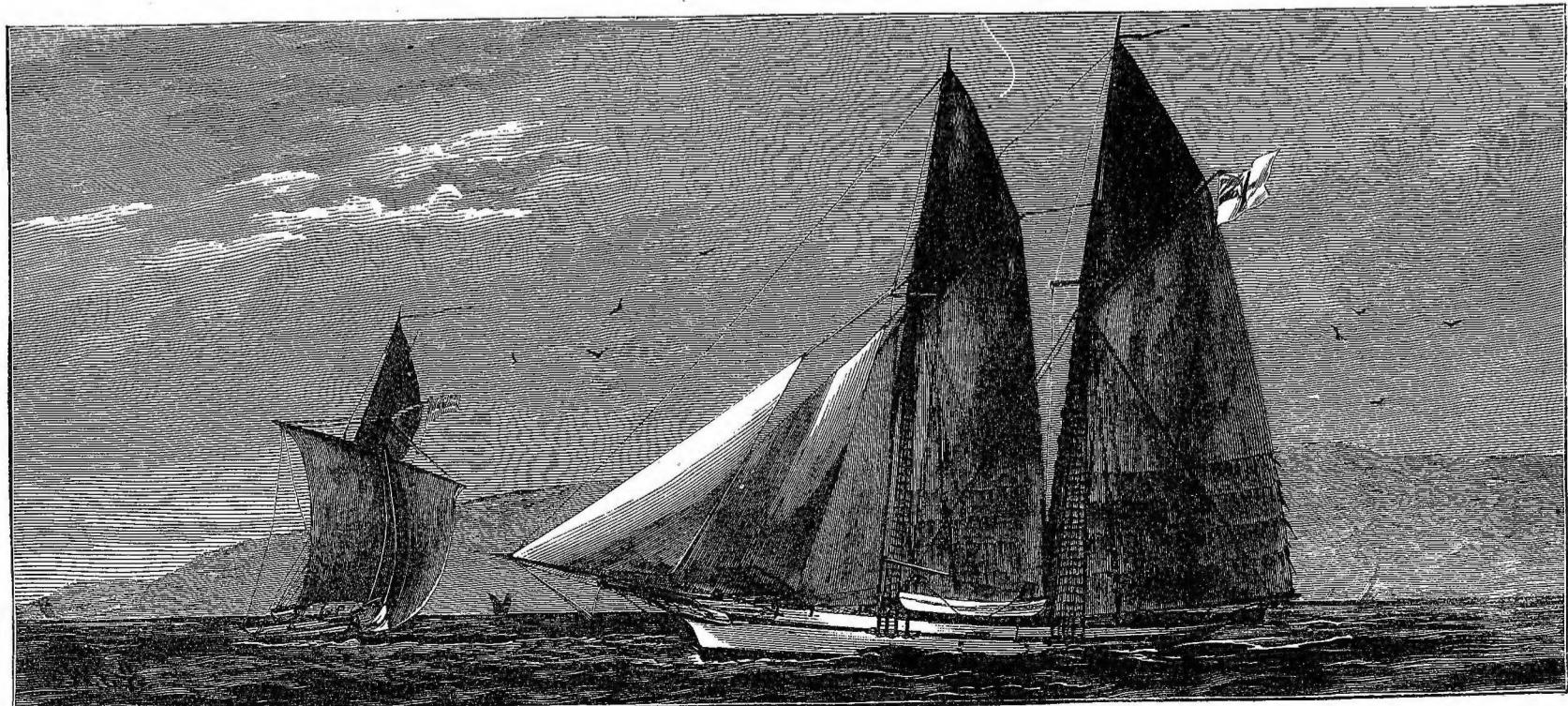
No positive information has yet been obtained as to the disposal of the remains of the late Earl of Crawford; but it is stated that the representatives of the family are in direct communication with certain persons who profess to have been concerned in the crime,



THE PYRAMID OF MEYDOON, OPENED BY PROFESSOR MASPERO, DEC. 13, 1881
VIEW FROM THE NORTH SHOWING THE NEWLY DISCOVERED ENTRANCE



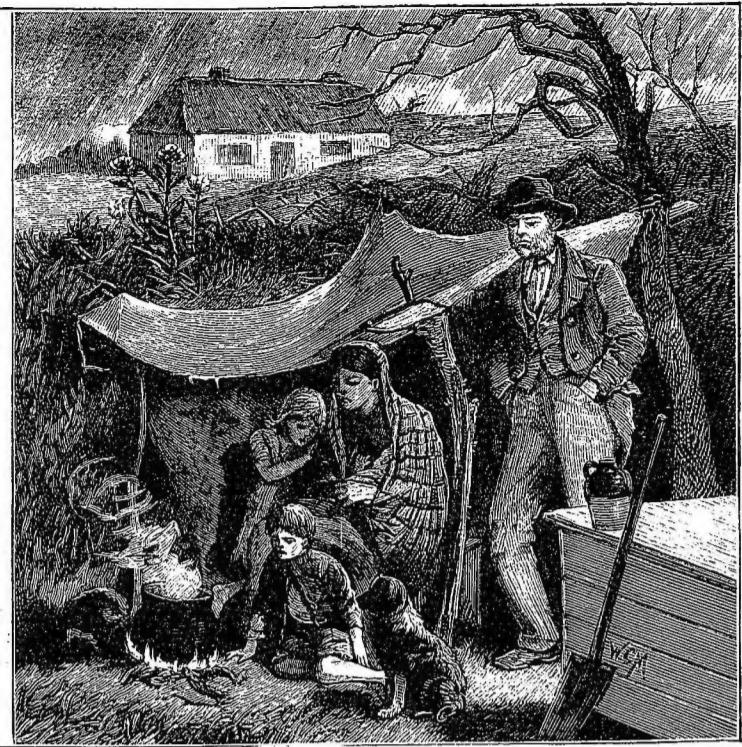
1. Leaving Port Said: Ships Passing in the Canal.—2. Lake Timseh: Getting Under Weigh.—3. The Culprit: Passage Stopped by Steamer Aground.—4. Bombay at Last.
TO INDIA THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL



H.M.S. Harrier

H.M.S. Undine

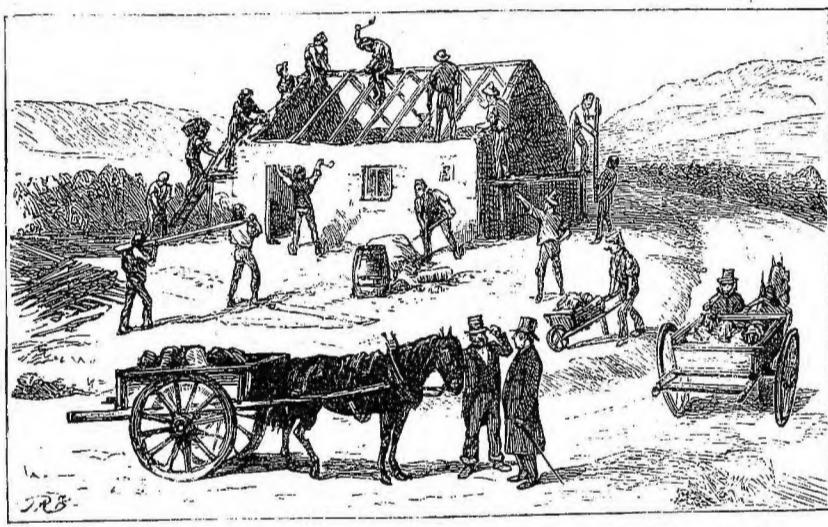
THE EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE
BRITISH SLAVE CRUISING YACHTS ORDERED ON SPECIAL SERVICE TO THE COAST OF ZANZIBAR



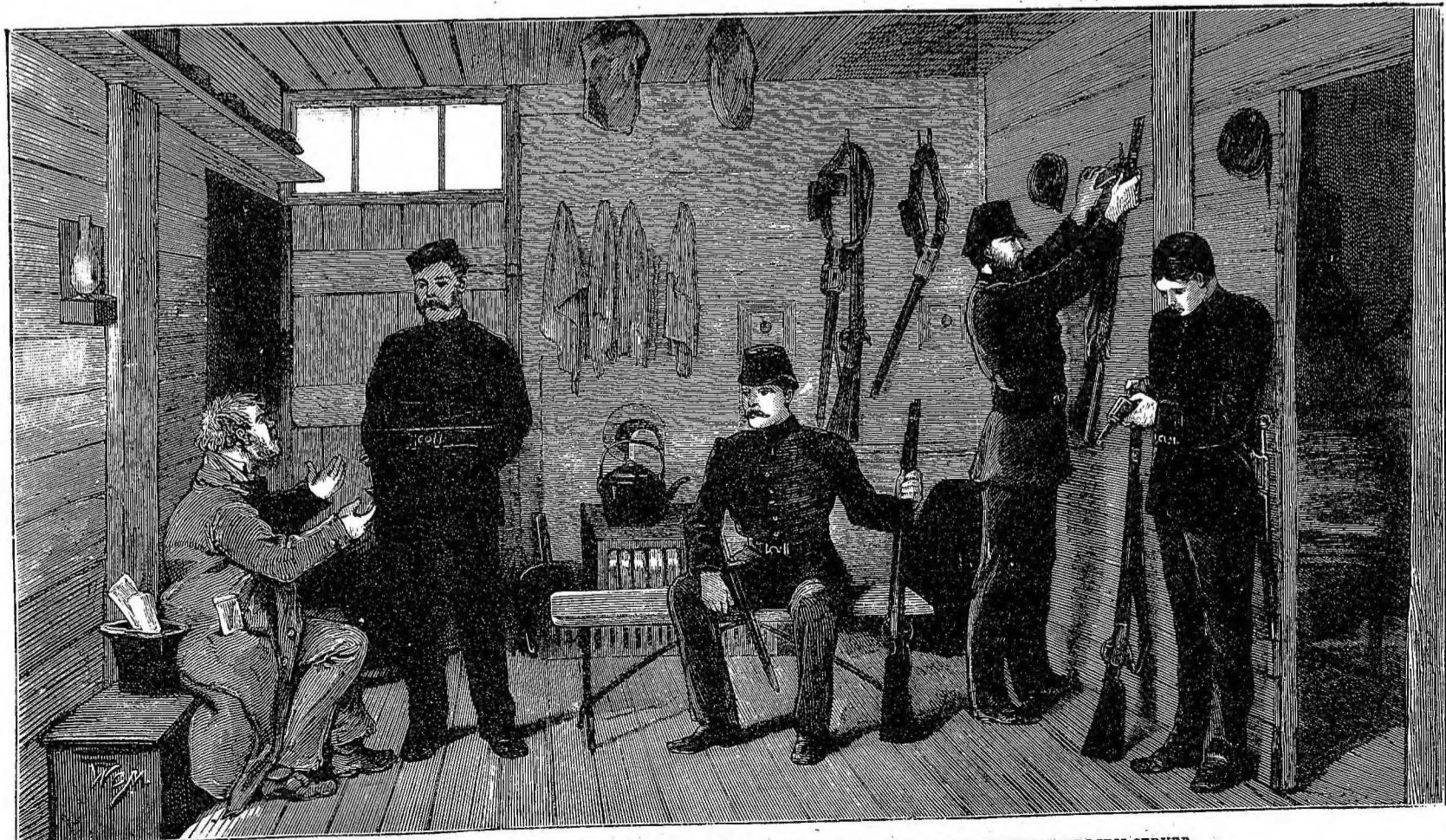
WITHIN AND WITHOUT—RESULTS OF THE "NO RENT" POLICY, CASTLE ISLAND, CO. KERRY



HOUSE AT DERHEE, CO. KERRY, BUILT IN ONE DAY FOR AN EVICTED TENANT



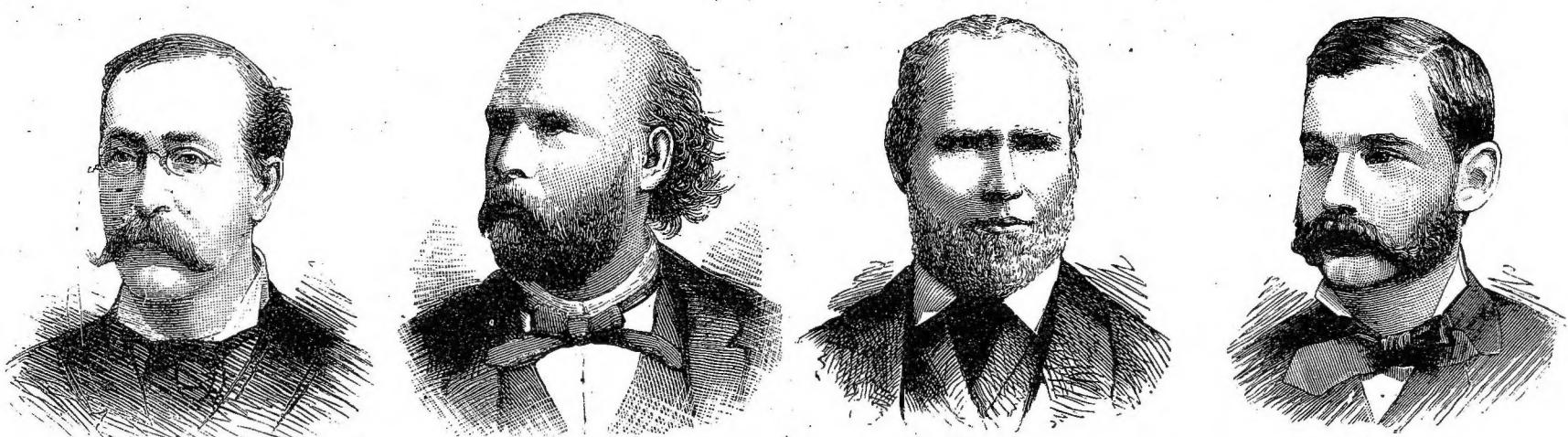
LAND LEAGUERS BUILDING A HOUSE BY THE ROADSIDE AT DERHEE, CO. KERRY



INTERIOR OF A POLICE HUT AT GURRANMORE, PALLAS, CO. LIMERICK—ARMING TO ESCORT A PROCESS-SERVER

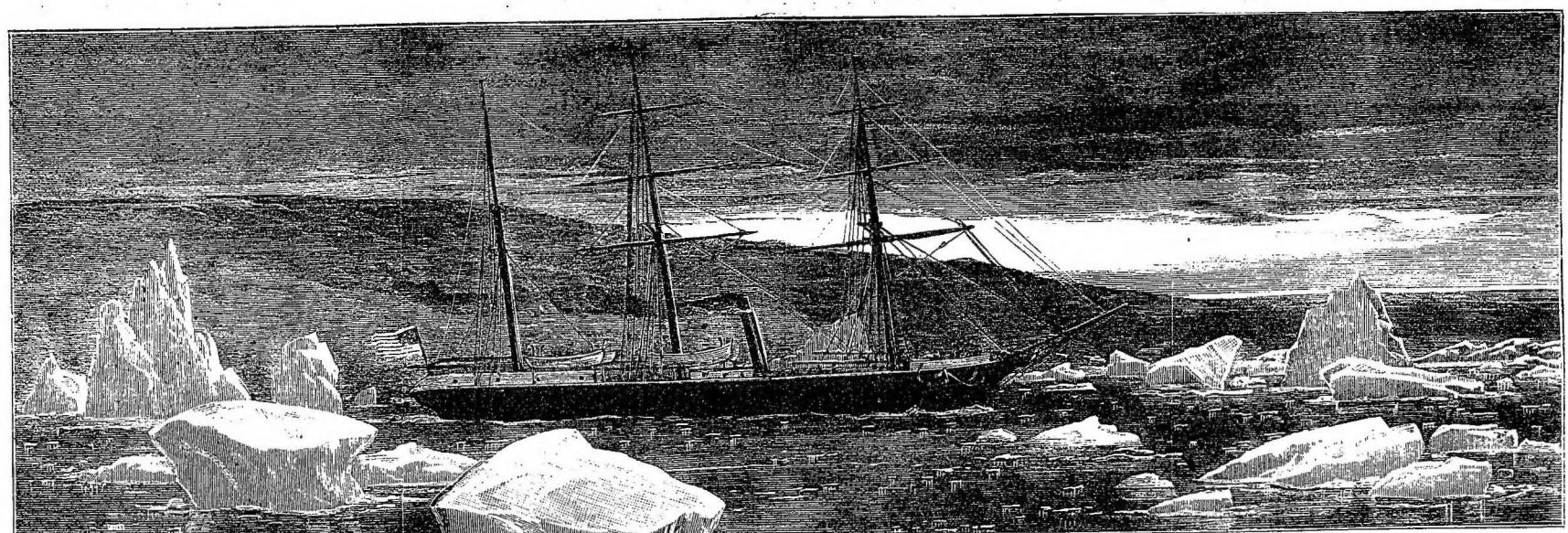


THE THEFT OF THE EARL OF CRAWFORD'S BODY—DUNECHT HOUSE, ABERDEENSHIRE

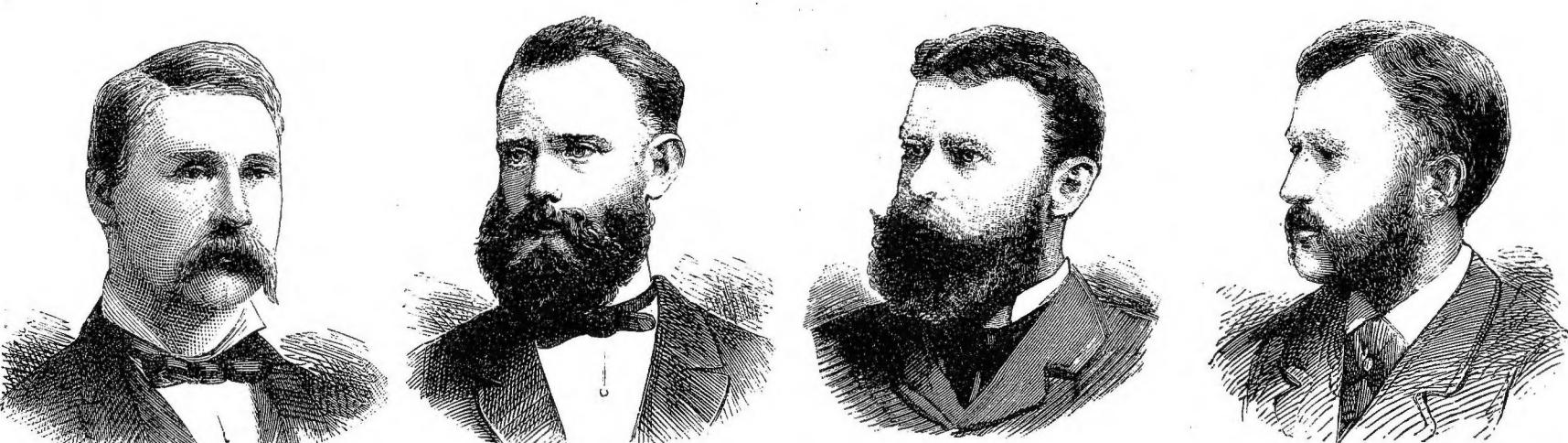
LIEUT. GEORGE W. DE LONG, U.S.N.
(COMMANDER)

GEORGE W. MELVILLE (ENGINEER)

W. DUNBAR (ICE PILOT)

JOHN W. DANENHOWER
(SECOND OFFICER)

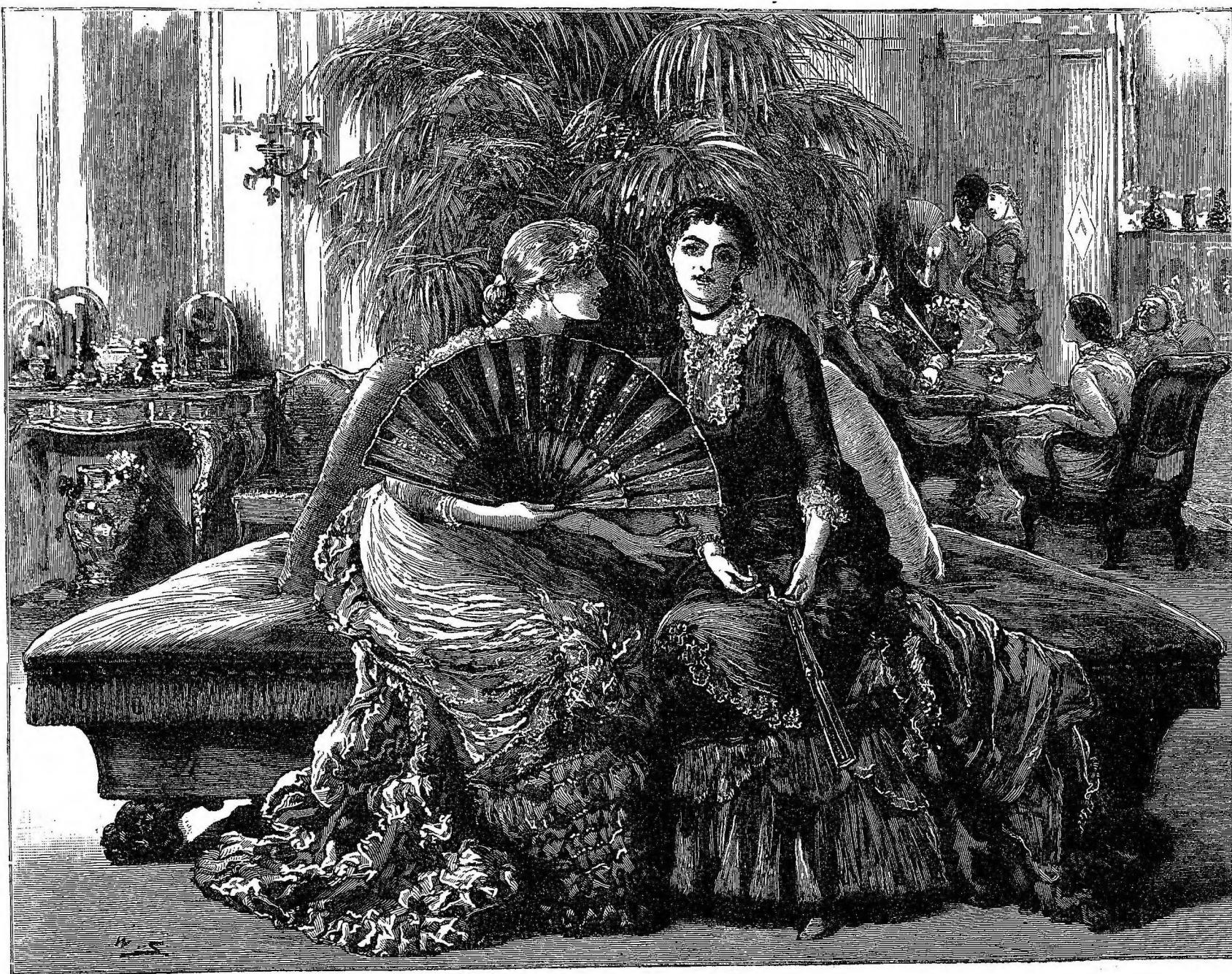
THE "JEANNETTE"

JEROME J. COLLINS (CORRESPONDENT OF
THE "NEW YORK HERALD")LIEUT. CHARLES W. CHIPP, U.S.N.
(EXECUTIVE OFFICER)

DR. JAMES M. M. AMBLER, U.S.N. (SURGEON)

R. L. NEWCOMB
(ASTRONOMER AND NATURALIST)

LOSS OF THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPLORING VESSEL "JEANNETTE"



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

Lady Amaldina was delighted at having a confidante whose views and prospects in life were so different from her own. "Of course, dear, you have heard what is going to happen to me?" she said, smiling.

MARION FAY: A Novel

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI. LADY PERSIFLAGE

HAMPSTEAD rushed up to Hendon almost without seeing his stepmother, intent in making preparations for his sister, and then, before October was over, rushed back to fetch her. He was very great at rushing, never begrudging himself any personal trouble in what he undertook to do. When he left the house he hardly spoke to her ladyship. When he took Lady Frances away he was of course bound to bid her adieu.

"I think," he said, "that Frances will be happy with me at Hendon."

"I have nothing to do with it,—literally nothing," said the Marchioness, with her sternest frown. "I wash my hands of the whole concern."

"I am sure you would be glad that she should be happy."

"It is impossible that any one should be happy who misconducts herself."

"That, I think, is true."

"It is certainly true, with misconduct such as this."

"I quite agree with what you said first. But the question remains as to what is misconduct. Now—"

"I will not hear you, Hampstead; not a word. You can persuade your father, I dare say, but you cannot persuade me. Fanny has divorced herself from my heart for ever."

"I am sorry for that."

"And I am bound to say that you are doing the same. It is better in some cases to be plain."

"Oh—certainly; but not to be irrational."

"I am not irrational, and it is most improper for you to speak to me in that way."

"Well, good-bye. I have no doubt it will come right some of these days," said Hampstead, as he took his leave. Then he carried his sister off to Hendon.

Previous to this there had been a great deal of unpleasantness in the house. From the moment in which Lady Kingsbury had heard that her stepdaughter was to go to her brother she had refused even to speak to the unfortunate girl. As far as it was possible she put her husband also into Coventry. She held daily consultations with Mr. Greenwood, and spent most of her hours in embracing, coddling, and spoiling those three unfortunate young noblemen who were being so cruelly injured by their brother and sister. One of her keenest pangs was in seeing how boisterously the three bairns romped with "Jack" even after she had dismissed him from her

own good graces as utterly unworthy of her regard. That night he positively brought Lord Gregory down into the drawing-room in his night shirt, having dragged the little urchin out of his cot,—as one might do who was on peculiar terms of friendship with the mother. Lord Gregory was in Elysium, but the mother tore the child from the sinner's arms, and carried him back in anger to the nursery.

"Nothing does children so much good as disturbing them in their sleep," said Lord Hampstead, turning to his father; but the anger of the Marchioness was too serious a thing to allow of a joke.

"From this time forth for evermore she is no child of mine," said Lady Kingsbury the next morning to her husband, as soon as the carriage had taken the two sinners away from the door.

"It is very wrong to say that. She is your child, and must be your child."

"I have divorced her from my heart;—and also Lord Hampstead. How can it be otherwise, when they are both in rebellion against me? Now there will be this disgraceful marriage. Would you wish that I should receive the Post Office clerk here as my son-in-law?"

"There won't be any disgraceful marriage," said the Marquis. "At least, what I mean is that it will be much less likely at Hendon than here."

"Less likely than here! Here it would have been impossible. There they will be all together."

"No such thing," said the Marquis. "Hampstead will see to that. And she too has promised me."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the Marchioness.

"I won't have you say 'pshaw' to me when I tell you. Fanny always has kept her word to me, and I don't in the least doubt her. Had she remained here your treatment would have induced her to run away with him at the first word."

"Lord Kingsbury," said the offended lady, "I have always done my duty by the children of your first marriage as a mother should. I have found them to be violent, and altogether unaware of the duties which their position should impose upon them. It was only yesterday that Lord Hampstead presumed to call me irrational. I have borne a great deal from them, and can bear no more. I wish you would have found some one better able to control their conduct." Then, with a stately step, she stalked out of the room. Under these circumstances, the house was not comfortable to any of the inhabitants.

As soon as her ladyship had reached her own apartments after this rough interview she seated herself at the table, and commenced a letter to her sister, Lady Persiflage, in which she proceeded to

give a detailed account of all her troubles and sufferings. Lady Persiflage, who was by a year or two the younger of the two, filled a higher position in society than that of the Marchioness herself. She was the wife only of an Earl; but the Earl was a Knight of the Garter, Lord Lieutenant of the County, and at the present moment Secretary of State for the Home Department. The Marquis had risen to no such honours as these. Lord Persiflage was a peculiar man. Nobody quite knew of what his great gifts consisted. But it was acknowledged of him that he was an astute diplomat; that the honour of England was safe in his hands; and that no more perfect courtier ever gave advice to a well-satisfied sovereign. He was beautiful to look at, with his soft grey hair, his bright eyes, and well-cut features. He was much of a dandy, and, though he was known to be nearer seventy than sixty years of age, he maintained an appearance of almost green juvenility. Active he was not, nor learned, nor eloquent. But he knew how to hold his own, and had held it for many years. He had married his wife when she was very young, and she had become, first a distinguished beauty, and then a leader of fashion. Her sister, our Marchioness, had been past thirty when she married, and had never been quite so much in the world's eye as her sister, Lady Persiflage. And Lady Persiflage was the mother of her husband's heir. The young Lord Hautboy, her eldest son, was now just of age. Lady Kingsbury looked upon him as all that the heir to an earldom ought to be. His mother, too, was proud of him, for he was beautiful as a young Phebus. The Earl, his father, was not always as well pleased, because his son had already achieved a knack of spending money. The Persiflage estates were somewhat encumbered, and there seemed to be a probability that Lord Hautboy might create further trouble. Such was the family to whom collectively the Marchioness looked for support in her unhappiness. The letter which she wrote to her sister on the present occasion was as follows:—

"Trafford Park,
"Saturday, October 25th.

"MY DEAR GERALDINE,—

"I take up my pen to write to you with a heart laden with trouble. Things have become so bad with me that I do not know where to turn myself unless you can give me comfort. I am beginning to feel how terrible it is to have undertaken the position of mother to another person's children. God knows I have endeavoured to do my duty. But it has all been in vain. Everything is over now. I have divided myself for ever from Hampstead and from Fanny. I have felt myself compelled to tell their father that I have divorced

them from my heart; and I have told Lord Hampstead the same. You will understand how terrible must have been the occasion when I found myself compelled to take such a step as this.

"You know how dreadfully shocked I was when she first revealed to me the fact that she had promised to marry that Post Office clerk. The young man had actually the impudence to call on Lord Kingsbury in London, to offer himself as a son-in-law. Kingsbury very properly would not see him, but instructed Mr. Greenwood to do so. Mr. Greenwood has behaved very well in the matter, and is a great comfort to me. I hope we may be able to do something for him some day. A viler or more ill-conditioned young man he says that he never saw;—insolent, too, and talking as though he had as much right to ask for Fanny's hand as though he were one of the same class. As for that, she would deserve nothing better than to be married to such a man, were it not that all the world would know how closely she is connected with my own darling boys!"

"Then we took her off to Königsgraff; and such a time as I had with her! She would write letters to this wretch, and contrived to receive one. I did stop that, but you cannot conceive what a life she led me. Of course I have felt from the first that she should be divided from her brothers, because one never knows how early bad morals may be inculcated! Then her papa came, and Hampstead, who in all this has encouraged his sister. The young man is his friend. After this who will say that any nobleman ought to call himself what they call a Liberal? Then we came home; and what do you think has happened? Hampstead has taken his sister to live with him at Hendon, next door, as you may say, to the Post Office clerk, where the young man has made himself thoroughly at home;—and Kingsbury has permitted it! Oh, Geraldine, that is the worst of it! Am I not justified in declaring that I have divorced them from my heart?

"You can hardly feel as I do, you, whose son fills so well that position which an eldest son ought to fill! Here am I with my darlings, not only under a shade, but with this disgrace before them which they will never be able altogether to get rid of. I can divorce Hampstead and his sister from my heart; but they will still be in some sort brother and sister to my poor boys. How am I to teach them to respect their elder brother, who I suppose must in course of time become Head of the House, when he is hand and glove with a dreadful young man such as that! Am I not justified in declaring that no communication shall be kept up between the two families? If she marries the man she will of course drop the name; but yet all the world will know because of the title. As for him, I am afraid that there is no hope;—although it is odd that the second son does so very often come to the title. If you look into it you will find that the second brother has almost a better chance than the elder,—although I am sure that nothing of the kind will ever happen to dear Hautboy. But he knows how to live in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him! Do write to me at once, and tell me what I ought to do with a due regard to the position to which I have been called upon to fill in the world.

"Your most affectionate sister,

"CLARA KINGSBURY.

"P.S.—Do remember poor Mr. Greenwood if Lord Persiflage should know how to do something for a clergyman. He is getting old, and Kingsbury has never been able to do anything for him. I hope the Liberals never will be able to do anything for anybody. I don't think Mr. Greenwood would be fit for any duty, because he has been idle all his life, and is now fond of good living; but a deanery would just suit him."

After the interval of a fortnight Lady Kingsbury received a reply from her sister which the reader may as well see at once.

"Castle Hautboy,
"November 9th.

"MY DEAR CLARA,—

"I don't know that there is anything further to be done about Fanny. As for divorcing her from your heart, I don't suppose that amounts to much. I advise you to keep on good terms with Hampstead, because if anything were to happen, it is always well for the Dowager to be friends with the heir. If Fanny will marry the man she must. Lady Di Peacocke married Mr. Billyboy, who was a clerk in one of the offices. They made him Assistant Secretary, and they now live in Portugal Street and do very well. I see Lady Diana about everywhere. Mr. Billyboy can't keep a carriage for her, but that of course is her look-out."

"As to what you say about second sons succeeding, don't think of it. It would get you into a bad frame of mind, and make you hate the very person upon whom you will probably have to depend for much of your comfort."

"I think you should take things easier, and, above all, do not trouble your husband. I am sure he could make himself very unpleasant if he were driven too far. Persiflage has no clerical patronage whatever, and would not interfere about Deans or Bishops for all the world. I suppose he could appoint a Chaplain to an Embassy, but your clergyman seems to be too old and too idle for that."

"Your affectionate sister,
"GERALDINE PERSIFLAGE."

This letter brought very little comfort to the distracted Marchioness. There was much in it so cold that it offended her deeply, and for a moment prompted her almost to divorce also Lady Persiflage from her heart. Lady Persiflage seemed to think that Fanny should be absolutely encouraged to marry the Post Office clerk, because at some past period some Lady Diana, who at the time was near fifty, had married a clerk also. It might be that a Lady Diana should have run away with a groom, but would that be a reason why so monstrous a crime should be repeated? And then in this letter there was so absolute an absence of all affectionate regard for her own children! She had spoken with great love of Lord Hautboy; but then Lord Hautboy was the acknowledged heir, whereas her own children were nobodies. In this there lay the sting. And then she felt herself to have been rebuked because she had hinted at the possibility of Lord Hampstead's departure for a better world. Lord Hampstead was mortal, as well as others. And why should not his death be contemplated, especially as it would confer so great a benefit on the world at large? Her sister's letter persuaded her of nothing. The divorce should remain as complete as ever. She would not condescend to think of any future advantages which might accrue to her from any intimacy with her stepson. Her dower had been regularly settled. Her duty was to her own children,—and secondly to her husband. If she could succeed in turning him against these two wicked elder children, then she would omit to do nothing which might render his life pleasant to him. Such were the resolutions which she formed on receipt of her sister's letter.

About this time Lord Kingsbury found it necessary to say a few words to Mr. Greenwood. There had not of late been much expression of kindness from the Marquis to the clergyman. Since their return from Germany his lordship had been either taciturn or cross. Mr. Greenwood took this very much to heart. For though he was most anxious to assure to himself the friendship of the Marchioness he did not at all wish to neglect the Marquis. It was in truth on the Marquis that he depended for everything that he had in the world. The Marquis could send him out of the house tomorrow,—and if this house were closed to him none other, as far as he knew, would be open to him accept the Union. He had lived delicately all his life, and luxuriously,—but fruitlessly as regarded the

gathering of any honey for future wants. Whatever small scraps of preferment might have come in his way had been rejected as having been joined with too much of labour and too little of emolument. He had gone on hoping that so great a man as the Marquis would be able to do something for him,—thinking that he might at any rate fasten his patron closely to him by bonds of affection. This had been in days before the coming of the present Marchioness. At first she had not created any special difficulty for him. She did not at once attempt to overthrow the settled politics of the family, and Mr. Greenwood had been allowed to be blandly liberal. But during the last year or two, great management had been necessary. By degrees he had found it essential to fall into the conservative views of her ladyship,—which extended simply to the idea that the cream of the earth should be allowed to be the cream of the earth. It is difficult in the same house to adhere to two political doctrines, because the holders of each will require support at all general meetings. Gradually the Marchioness had become exigent, and the Marquis was becoming aware that he was being thrown over. A feeling of anger was growing up in his mind which he did not himself analyse. When he heard that the clergyman had taken upon himself to lecture Lady Frances,—for it was thus he read the few words which his son had spoken to him,—he carried his anger with him for a day or two, till at last he found an opportunity of explaining himself to the culprit.

"Lady Frances will do very well where she is," said the Marquis, in answer to some expression of a wish as to his daughter's comfort.

"Oh, no doubt!"

"I am not sure that I am fond of too much interference in such matters."

"Have I interfered, my lord?"

"I do not mean to find any special fault on this occasion."

"I hope not, my lord."

"But you did speak to Lady Frances when I think it might have been as well that you should have held your tongue."

"I had been instructed to see that young man in London."

"Exactly;—but not to say anything to Lady Frances."

"I had known her ladyship so many years!"

"Do not drive me to say that you had known her too long."

Mr. Greenwood felt this to be very hard;—for what he had said to Lady Frances he had in truth said under instruction. That last speech as to having perhaps known the young lady too long seemed to contain a terrible threat. He was thus driven to fall back upon his instructions. "Her ladyship seemed to think that perhaps a word in season—"

The Marquis felt this to be cowardly, and was more inclined to be angry with his old friend than if he had stuck to that former plea of old friendship. "I will not have interference in this house, and there's an end of it. If I wish you to do anything for me I will tell you. That is all. If you please nothing more shall be said about it. The subject is disagreeable to me."

"Has the Marquis said anything about Lady Frances since she went?" the Marchioness asked the clergyman the next morning. How was he to hold his balance between them if he was to be questioned by both sides in this way? "I suppose he has mentioned her?"

"He just mentioned the name one day."

"Well?"

"I rather think that he does not wish to be interrogated about her ladyship."

"I dare say not. Is he anxious to have her back again?"

"That I cannot say, Lady Kingsbury. I should think he must be."

"Of course I shall be desirous to ascertain the truth. He has been so unreasonable that I hardly know how to speak to him myself. I suppose he tells you!"

"I rather think his lordship will decline to speak about her ladyship just at present."

"Of course it is necessary that I should know. Now that she has chosen to take herself off I shall not choose to live under the same roof with her again. If Lord Kingsbury speaks to you on the subject you should make him understand that." Poor Mr. Greenwood felt that there were thorny paths before him, in which it might be very difficult to guard his feet from pricks. Then he had to consider that if there were to be two sides in the house, strongly opposed to each other, with which would it be best for him to take a part? The houses of the Marquis, with all their comforts, were open for him; but the influence of Lord Persiflage was very great, whereas that of the Marquis was next to nothing.

CHAPTER XII.

C A S T L E H A U T B O Y

"You'd better ask the old Traffords down here for a few weeks. Hampstead won't shoot, but he can hunt with the Braeside harriers."

This was the answer made by Lord Persiflage to his wife when he was told by her of that divorce which had taken place at Trafford Park, and of the departure of Lady Frances for Hendon. Hampstead and Lady Frances were the old Traffords. Lord Persiflage, too, was a Conservative, but his politics were of a very different order from those entertained by his sister-in-law. He was, above all, a man of the world. He had been our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and was now a Member of the Cabinet. He liked the good things of office, but had no idea of quarrelling with a Radical because he was a Radical. He cared very little as to the opinions of his guests, if they could make themselves either pleasant or useful. He looked upon his sister-in-law as an old fool, and had no idea of quarrelling with Hampstead for her sake. If the girl persisted in making a bad match she must take the consequences. No great harm would come,—except to her. As to the evil done to his "order," that did not affect Lord Persiflage at all. He did not expect his order to endure for ever. All orders become worn out in time, and effete. He had no abhorrence for anybody; but he liked pleasant people; he liked to treat everything as a joke; and he liked the labours of his not unlaborious life to be minimised. Having given his orders about the old Traffords, as he called them in reference to the "darlings," he said nothing more on the subject. Lady Persiflage wrote a note to "Dear Fanny," conveying the invitation in three words, and received a reply to the effect that she and her brother would be at Castle Hautboy before the end of November. Hampstead would perhaps bring a couple of horses, but he would put them up at the livery stables at Penrith.

"How do you do, Hampstead?" said Persiflage when he first met his guest before dinner on the day of the arrival. "You haven't got rid of everything yet?"

This question was supposed to refer to Lord Hampstead's revolutionary tendencies. "Not quite so thoroughly as we hope to do soon."

"I always think it a great comfort that in our country the blackguards are so considerate. I must own that we do very little for them, and yet they never knock us over the head or shoot at us, as they do in Russia and Germany and France." Then he passed on, having said quite enough for one conversation.

"So you've gone off to Hendon to live with your brother?" said Lady Persiflage to her niece.

"Yes; indeed," said Lady Fanny, blushing at the implied allusion to her low-born lover which was contained in this question.

But Lady Persiflage had no idea of saying a word about the lover, or of making herself in any way unpleasant. "I dare say it

will be very comfortable for you both," she said; "but we thought you might be a little lonely till you got used to it, and therefore asked you to come down for a week or two. The house is full of people, and you will be sure to find some one that you know." Not a word was said at Castle Hautboy as to those terrible things which had occurred in the Trafford family.

Young Vivian was there, half, as he said, for ornament, but partly for pleasure and partly for business. "He likes to have a private secretary with him," he said to Hampstead, "in order that people might think there is something to do. As a rule they never send anything down from the Foreign Office at this time of year. He always has a Foreign Minister or two in the house, or a few Secretaries of Legation, and that gives an air of business. Nothing would offend or surprise him so much as if one of them were to say a word about affairs. Nobody ever does, and therefore he is supposed to be the safest Foreign Minister that we've had in Downing Street since old—'s time."

"Well, Hautboy." "Well, Hampstead." Thus the two heirs greeted each other. "You'll come and shoot to-morrow?" asked the young host.

"I never shoot. I thought all the world knew that."

"The best cock-shooting in all England," said Hautboy. "But we shan't come to that for the next month."

"Cocks or hens, pheasants, grouse, or partridge, rabbits or hares, it's all one to me. I couldn't hit 'em if I would, and I wouldn't if I could."

"There is a great deal in the could'n't," said Hautboy. "As for hunting, those Braeside fellows go out two or three times a week. But it's a wretched sort of affair. They hunt hares or foxes just as they come, and they're always climbing up a ravine or tumbling down a precipice."

"I can climb and tumble as well as any one," said Hampstead. So that question as to the future amusement of the guest was settled.

But the glory of the house of Hauteville,—Hauteville was the Earl's family name,—at present shone most brightly in the person of the eldest daughter, Lady Amaldina. Lady Amaldina, who was as beautiful in colour, shape, and proportion as wax could make a Venus, was engaged to marry the eldest son of the Duke of Merioneth. The Marquis of Llwyddthwl was a young man about forty years of age of great promise, who had never been known to do a foolish thing in his life, and his father was one of those half-dozen happy noblemen, each of whom is ordinarily reported to be the richest man in England. Lady Amaldina was not unnaturally proud of her high destiny, and, as the alliance had already been advertised in all the newspapers, she was not unwilling to talk about it. Lady Frances was not exactly a cousin, but stood in the place of a cousin, and therefore was regarded as a good listener for all the details which had to be repeated. It might be that Lady Amaldina took special joy in having such a listener, because Lady Frances herself had placed her own hopes so low. That story as to the Post Office clerk was known to everybody at Castle Hautboy. Lady Persiflage ridiculed the idea of keeping such things secret. Having so much to be proud of in regard to her own children, she thought that there should be no such secrets. If Fanny Trafford did intend to marry the Post Office clerk it would be better that all the world should know it beforehand. Lady Amaldina knew it, and was delighted at having a confidante whose views and prospects in life were so different from her own. "Of course, dear, you have heard what is going to happen to me?" she said, smiling.

"I have heard of your engagement with the son of the Duke of Merioneth, the man with the terrible Welsh name."

"When you once know how to pronounce it it is the prettiest word that poetry ever produced!" Then Lady Amaldina did pronounce her future name; but nothing serviceable would be done for the reader if an attempt were made to write the sound which she produced. "I am not sure but what it was the name which first won my heart. I can sign it now quite easily without a mistake."

"It won't be long, I suppose, before you will have to do so always?"

"An age, my dear! The Duke's affairs are of such a nature,—and Llwyddthwl is so constantly engaged in business that I don't suppose it will take place for the next ten years. What with settlements, and entails, and Parliament, and the rest of it, I shall be an old woman before I am,—led to the hymeneal altar."

"Ten years!" said Lady Fanny.

"Well, say ten months, which seems to me just as long."

"Isn't he in a hurry?"

"Oh, awfully; but what can he do, poor fellow? He is so placed that he cannot have his affairs arranged for him in half-an-hour, as other men can do. It is a great trouble having estates so large and interests so complicated! Now there is one thing I particularly want to ask you."

"What is it?"

"About being one of the bridesmaids."

"One can hardly answer for ten years hence."

"That is nonsense, of course. I am determined to have no girl who has not a title. It isn't that I care about that kind of thing in the least, but the Duke does. And then I think the list will sound more distinguished in the newspapers, if all the Christian names are given with the Lady before them. There are to be his three sisters, Lady Anne, Lady Antoinette, and Lady Anatolia;—then my two sisters, Lady Alphonsa and Lady Amelia. To be sure they are very young."

"They may be old enough according to what you say."

"Yes, indeed. And then there will be Lady Arabella Portroyal, and Lady Augusta Gelashires. I have got the list written out somewhere, and there are to be just twenty."

"If the catalogue is finished there will hardly be room for me."

"The Earl of Knocknacoppul's daughter has sent me word that she must refuse, because her own marriage will take place first. She would have put it off, as she is only going to marry an Irish baronet, and because she is dying to have her name down as one of the bevy, but he says that if she delays any longer he'll go on a shooting expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and then perhaps he might never come back. So there is a vacancy."

"I hardly like to make a promise so long beforehand. Perhaps I might have a young man, and he might go off to the Rocky Mountains."

"That's just what made me not put down your name at first. Of course you know we've heard about Mr. Roden?"

"I didn't know," said Lady Frances, blushing.

"Oh dear, yes. Everybody knows it. And I think it such a brave thing to do,—if you're really attached to him!"

"I should never marry any man without being attached to him," said Lady Frances.

"That's of course! But I mean romantically attached. I don't pretend to that kind of thing with Llwyddthwl. I don't think it necessary in a marriage of this kind. He is a great deal older than I am, and is bald. I suppose Mr. Roden is very, very handsome?"

"I have not thought much about that."

"I should have considered that one would want it for a marriage of that kind. I don't know whether after all it isn't the best thing to do. Romance is so delicious!"

"But then it's delicious to be a Duchess," said Lady Frances, with the slightest touch of irony.

"Oh, no doubt! One has to look at it all round, and then to form a judgment. It went a great way with papa, I know, Llwyddthwl being such a good man of business. He has been in the Household, and the Queen will be sure to send a handsome

present. I expect to have the grandest show of wedding presents that any girl has yet exhibited in England. Ever so many people have asked mamma already as to what I should like best. Mr. MacWhapple said out plain that he would go to a hundred and fifty pounds. He is a Scotch manufacturer, and has papa's interest in Wigtonshire. I suppose you don't intend to do anything very grand in that way."

"I suppose not, as I don't know any Scotch manufacturers. But my marriage, if I ever am married, is a thing so much of the future that I haven't even begun to think of my dress yet."

"I'll tell you a secret," said Lady Amaldina, whispering. "Mine is already made, and I've tried it on."

"You might get ever so much stouter in ten years," said Lady Frances.

"That of course was joking. But we did think the marriage would come off last June, and as we were in Paris in April the order was given. Don't you tell anybody about that."

Then it was settled that the name of Lady Frances should be put down on the list of bridesmaids, but put down in a doubtful manner,—as is done with other things of great importance.

A few days after Lord Hampstead's arrival a very great dinner party was given at the Castle, at which all the county round was invited. Castle Hautboy is situated near Pooley Bridge, just in the county of Westmoreland, on an eminence, giving it a grand prospect over Ulleswater, which is generally considered to be one of the Cumberland Lakes. Therefore the gentry from the two counties were invited as far round as Penrith, Shap, Bampton, and Patterdale. The Earl's property in that neighbourhood was scattered about through the two counties, and was looked after by a steward, or manager, who lived himself at Penrith, and was supposed to be very efficacious in such duties. His name was Crocker; and not only was he invited to the dinner, but also his son, who happened at the time to be enjoying the month's holiday which was allowed to him by the authorities of the office in London to which he was attached.

The reader may remember that a smart young man of this name sat at the same desk with George Roden at the General Post Office. Young Crocker was specially delighted with the honour done him on this occasion. He not only knew that his fellow clerk's friend, Lord Hampstead, was at the Castle, and his sister, Lady Frances, with him; but he also knew that George Roden was engaged to marry that noble lady! Had he heard this before he left London, he would probably have endeavoured to make some atonement for his insolence to Roden; for he was in truth filled with a strong admiration for the man who had before him the possibility of such high prospects. But the news had only reached him since he had been in the North. Now he thought that he might possibly find an opportunity of making known to Lord Hampstead his intimacy with Roden, and of possibly of saying a word,—just uttering a hint,—as to that future event.

It was long before he could find himself near enough to Lord Hampstead to address him. He had even refused to return home with his father, who did not like being very late on the road, saying that he had got a lift into town in another conveyance. This he did, with the prospect of having to walk six miles into Penrith in his dress boots, solely with the object of saying a few words to Roden's friend. At last he was successful.

"We have had what I call an extremely pleasant evening, my lord." It was thus he commenced; and Hampstead, whose practice it was to be specially graceful to any one whom he chanced to meet but did not think to be a gentleman, replied very courteously that the evening had been pleasant.

"Quite a thing to remember," continued Crocker.

"Perhaps one remembers the unpleasant things the longest," said Hampstead laughing.

"Oh, no, my lord, not that. I always forget the unpleasant. That's what I call philosophy." Then he broke away into the subject that was near his heart. "I wish our friend Roden had been here, my lord."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Oh dear, yes;—most intimate. We sit in the same room at the Post Office. And at the same desk,—as thick as thieves, as the saying is. We often have a crack about your lordship."

"I have a great esteem for George Roden. He and I are really friends. I know no one for whom I have a higher regard." This he said with an earnest voice, thinking himself bound to express his friendship more loudly than he would have done had the friend been in his own rank of life.

"That's just what I feel. Roden is a man that will rise."

"I hope so."

"He'll be sure to get something good before long. They'll make him a Surveyor, or Chief Clerk, or something of that kind. I'll back him to have 500 a year before any man in the office. There'll be a shindy about it, of course. There always is a shindy when a fellow is put up out of his turn. But he needn't care for that. They can laugh as win. Eh, my lord!"

"He would be the last to wish an injustice to be done for his own good."

"We've got to take that as it comes, my lord. I won't say but what I should like to go up at once to a senior class over other men's heads. There isn't a chance of that, because I'm independent, and the seniors don't like me. Old Jerningham is always down upon me just for that reason. You ask Roden, and he'll tell you the same thing,—my lord." Then came a momentary break in the conversation, and Lord Hampstead was seizing advantage of it to escape. But Crocker, who had taken enough wine to be bold, saw the attempt, and intercepted it. He was desirous of letting the lord know all that he knew. "Roden is a happy dog, my lord."

"Happy, I hope, though not a dog," said Hampstead, trusting that he could retreat gracefully behind the joke.

"Ha, ha, ha! The dog only meant what a lucky fellow he is. I have heard him speak in raptures of what is in store for him."

"What!"

"There's no happiness like married happiness; is there, my lord?"

"Upon my word, I can't say. Good night to you."

"I hope you will come and see me and Roden at the office some of these days."

"Good night, good night!" Then the man did go. For a moment or two Lord Hampstead felt actually angry with his friend. Could it be that Roden should make so little of his sister's name as to talk about her to the Post Office clerks,—to so mean a fellow as this! And yet the man certainly knew the fact of the existing engagement. Hampstead thought it impossible that it should have travelled beyond the limits of his own family. It was natural that Roden should have told his mother; but unnatural,—so Hampstead thought,—that his friend should have made his sister a subject of conversation to any one else. It was horrible to him that a stranger such as that should have spoken to him about his sister at all. But surely it was not possible that Roden should have sinned after that fashion. He soon resolved that it was not possible. But how grievous a thing it was that a girl's name should be made so common in the mouths of men!

After that he sauntered into the smoking-room, where were congregated the young men who were staying in the house. "That's a kind of thing that happens only once a year," said Hautboy, speaking to all the party; "but I cannot, for the life of me, see why it should happen at all."

"Your governor finds that it succeeds in the county," said one.

"He polishes off a whole heap at one go," said another.

"It does help to keep a party together," said a third.

"And enables a lot of people to talk of dining at Castle Hautboy without lying," said a fourth.

"But why should a lot of people be enabled to say that they'd dined here?" asked Hautboy. "I like to see my friends at dinner. What did you think about it, Hampstead?"

"It's all according to Hampstead's theories," said one.

"Only he'd have had the tinkers and the tailors too," said another.

"And wouldn't have had the ladies and gentlemen," said a third.

"I would have had the tailors and tinkers," said Hampstead, "and I would have had the ladies and gentlemen, too, if I could have got them to meet the tailors and tinkers;—but I would not have had that young man who got me out into the hall just now."

"Why,—that was Crocker, the Post Office clerk," said Hautboy. "Why shouldn't we have a Post Office clerk as well as some one else? Nevertheless, Crocker is a sad cad." In the mean time Crocker was walking home to Penrith in his dress boots.

(To be continued.)



ACCORDING to our annual custom we intend devoting the greater portion of our article for this the youngest month of the year to the juvenile folks, who absorb the chief attention at this period in all family circles. Children's dresses are easy to make, and many industrious sisters, or young aunts, who have not long left off dressing their dolls, are pleased to help decorate the pretty living dolls of their mothers or married sisters. For their guidance, as well as for that of young mothers who cannot afford to expend large sums upon the dress of their little ones, and yet love to see them look pretty, the following suggestions will we trust prove useful.

In every household where there are a number of girls it is well to have a drawer or two set aside in which to stow away all the pieces of silk, satin, velvet, &c., large and small, which are left from costumes; they must be securely pinned up in paper, not tossed in higgledy-piggledy. It is surprising how usefully these pieces will come in for trimmings and pipings for the little ones; it should be borne in mind that any number of joins may be used for a gathered plastron or cuffs. A remarkably stylish little frock was recently shown to us for a child of six, the trimmings of which were made from the remnants of a dead-gold satin dress, the largest scrap of which was eight inches by five, the smallest less than an inch. The material for the frock was of nun's cloth, petticoat with a fluted flounce, six inches deep, gathered two inches down, above which was a ruching of gold coloured satin; the frock of the same material was made with small paniers on the hips, the bodice was cut square in the front and filled up with a finely-gathered plastron of satin, the short puffed sleeves were fastened down with satin straps; the frock was turned back at each corner and fastened with butterfly bows of satin; on the front breadth of the petticoat were half-a-dozen narrow quillings of satin which filled up the open space; the white silk stockings were embroidered on the insteps with a design in dead-gold silk, as were also the white satin shoes.—Madras muslin, striped gauze, llama, and cashmere are used as much for juveniles as for adults; the last-named material is made with embroidery at the edge, very effective for trimmings. Open-work muslin embroidery is very fashionable. Fancy dress costumes are much worn at children's parties, especially for calico balls; they can be made at a trifling cost from velveteen, sateen, and white fur. The numerous daintily-got-up fairy-tale books which have been published this Christmastide furnish excellent designs for fancy costumes. White, cream, pale pink, blue, or green Madras muslin, make charmingly simple dresses for girls ranging from six to sixteen; a plain sateen petticoat of the colour chosen for the dress should be worn, and over this a variety of dresses may be adapted; *blouson* white, even of the clearest and thinnest material, must not be worn over a colour unless it is draped, and even then too often has the effect of being too long and sometimes a little too abstract, but they are always natural, and have the air of being reported from actually spoken words rather than merely imagined. Of course the possession of a clear and definite motive helps the effect of the story to an extent very unusual in any novels below the best, and proves how important it is, even in the production of the slightest sort of work, to have something to say, and to have, from the outset, a definite goal in view. Miss Coxon has, to a very creditable degree, written a story that is likely to find favour with the very widest class of lady readers while satisfying all reasonable critical demands.

"The Bloom Off the Peach," by Lois Hume (2 vols.: Rivingtons), does not receive its title from the famous speech about the two peach-baskets in *Le Demi-Monde*. The heroine is in this case a young woman who commits the mistake of marrying the wrong lover, and, when he dies, finds it too late to recover the right one; the peach has lost her bloom of first love and constancy. The novel is a good one on the whole: at any rate very considerably above the average, so far as all the more important requisites are concerned. The delicate and difficult situation of a woman whose heart is divided between the conflicting claims of two men, one fascinating her by his brilliancy and headlong passion, the other holding her by his higher and more heroic qualities, is admirably managed throughout, and points the best of morals without depriving its heroine of our sympathies. We are made to comprehend, and therefore to forgive, her weakness of heart, while fully accepting the justice of her punishment, and clearly understanding why pardon, on the part of such a man as Beauchamp, was completely impossible. The result is a brightly-written and really interesting story, likely to satisfy all readers whose demands are not exceptionally high. As to minor, but not unimportant matters, less can be said by way of praise. The style is sadly slipshod, and temts with the faults proper to the typical lady's novel, while a much too lady-like view is taken of the relations of men towards women and to one another. It should be added that the novel is not wholly wanting in humour, the character of the musical fanatic, Dr. Andrews, being more than commonly amusing.

It is scarcely fair of Mr. Albert Canning to call his "Baldearg O'Donnell" (2 vols.: Marcus Ward and Co.), a "Tale" of 1690-91. It is a scarcely dramatised *résumé* of Irish history during those years, mainly concocted by depriving of all their interest and liveliness the corresponding pages of Lord Macaulay. His chief object appears to be the production of a monograph on Baldearg O'Donnell, the Spanish-Irish General who hoped that, when Orangeman and Jacobite fell out, a native Irish prince might come by what he thought his own. But O'Donnell himself puts no personal appearance worth mentioning into his own story, which, by the way, stands alone in fiction in being entirely without female characters, if we except an old mad woman who turns up now and then, and a Lady McMahon who is casually mentioned from time to time. The tale has neither human nor historical interest, and dulls, instead of heightening, the picturesqueness of the story of Limerick and the Boyne. Look at it as we may, "Baldearg O'Donnell" can only be pronounced the most absolute of failures. The author evidently knows his subject, yet the effect is that of a quantity of "cram" put into the form of a consecutive narrative by one who has never so much as read a novel. His sense of dramatic propriety is even so small as to lead him into representing conversations in the Irish language by a sort of conventional brogue—as if good French were suitably translated by broken English. That Mr. Canning should be the author of "The Philosophy of the Waverley Novels" and also of "Baldearg O'Donnell" is as good an example of the want of connection between theory and practice as can well be imagined.

LOW and square; a tulle scarf, draped with careless grace round the throat and shoulders, was fastened with a diamond spray. Young girls in Paris dress very simply. The robe à la vierge, in Surah, nun's cloth, or muslin, is the most popular. They rarely, if ever, wear jewellery before marriage; but seldom fail to secure some real flowers at all seasons of the year.

Silk gauze is one of the lightest and most elegant of fabrics used for ball dresses. It is sometimes striped with satin, at others it is embossed with floral designs in white or colours. Cuirass bodices in silk, satin, or velvet have lost none of their popularity; the Swiss bodice is very much worn with a tulle net or thin muslin tucker up to the throat, finished off with a handsome gold or silver dog collar; bracelets to match fasten at the wrists the long sleeves which are made with small puffs. Some slender girls prefer the Swiss band, which is made about six inches deep, and handsomely embroidered in gold, silver, or colours. Modified Mother Hubbard cloaks in cashmere or velvet are very comfortable for evening dress, as they do not crush the elbow sleeves, and yet keep the wrists warm; they should be trimmed at the throat and on the sleeves with white or silver grey fur. Opera cloaks are very rich and expensive this season; marabout feather trimming is fashionable for them.



"HE once called her his Basil Plant: and when she asked for an explanation, said that basil was a plant which had flourished wonderfully on a murdered man's brains." Lydgate's metaphorical use of the tale of "the Pot of Basil" is the text, or rather the whole story, of "A Basil Plant: A Present Day Story," by Ethel Coxon (2 vols.: Bentley and Son). Nor does the text prove a meagre one, while its applicability to the present day will be found obvious and undeniable. The hero is a painter, to whom the world gives what is called success, but who sacrifices his real genius and its accompanying ambition to the demands of a woman who was the wife of his heart but not of his mind. When she dies, and he is able to return to the one woman with whom complete marriage should have been possible, it is all too late, and the mischief has been done. Miss Coxon might no doubt have taken a larger and fuller view, and have found in the modern artist's own nature a more complete solution of the reason why it is as impossible to serve two masters in art as in religion. But in attacking that part of the question which relates to marriage, and to the manner in which even a good woman may unconsciously contrive to thwart and crush the whole of a man's real life, she has succeeded in producing an exceedingly graceful and interesting if not particularly powerful novel. It is a great improvement upon her "Monsieur Love," good as that was, and may therefore be taken as a yet higher promise of still better work hereafter. Her conversations have the fault of being too long and sometimes a little too abstract, but they are always natural, and have the air of being reported from actually spoken words rather than merely imagined. Of course the possession of a clear and definite motive helps the effect of the story to an extent very unusual in any novels below the best, and proves how important it is, even in the production of the slightest sort of work, to have something to say, and to have, from the outset, a definite goal in view. Miss Coxon has, to a very creditable degree, written a story that is likely to find favour with the very widest class of lady readers while satisfying all reasonable critical demands.

"The Bloom Off the Peach," by Lois Hume (2 vols.: Rivingtons), does not receive its title from the famous speech about the two peach-baskets in *Le Demi-Monde*. The heroine is in this case a young woman who commits the mistake of marrying the wrong lover, and, when he dies, finds it too late to recover the right one; the peach has lost her bloom of first love and constancy. The novel is a good one on the whole: at any rate very considerably above the average, so far as all the more important requisites are concerned. The delicate and difficult situation of a woman whose heart is divided between the conflicting claims of two men, one fascinating her by his brilliancy and headlong passion, the other holding her by his higher and more heroic qualities, is admirably managed throughout, and points the best of morals without depriving its heroine of our sympathies. We are made to comprehend, and therefore to forgive, her weakness of heart, while fully accepting the justice of her punishment, and clearly understanding why pardon, on the part of such a man as Beauchamp, was completely impossible. The result is a brightly-written and really interesting story, likely to satisfy all readers whose demands are not exceptionally high. As to minor, but not unimportant matters, less can be said by way of praise. The style is sadly slipshod, and temts with the faults proper to the typical lady's novel, while a much too lady-like view is taken of the relations of men towards women and to one another. It should be added that the novel is not wholly wanting in humour, the character of the musical fanatic, Dr. Andrews, being more than commonly amusing.

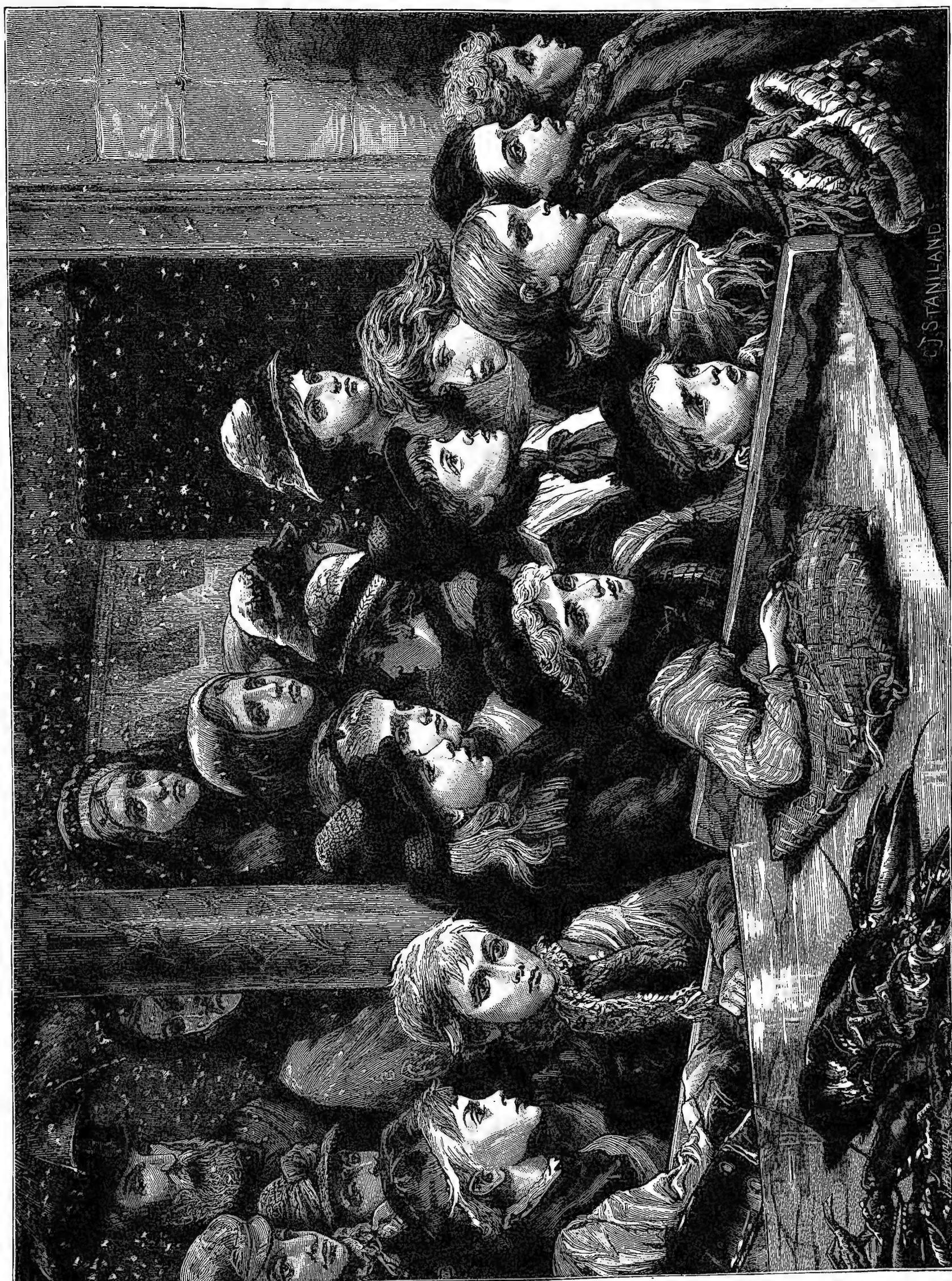
It is scarcely fair of Mr. Albert Canning to call his "Baldearg O'Donnell" (2 vols.: Marcus Ward and Co.), a "Tale" of 1690-91. It is a scarcely dramatised *résumé* of Irish history during those years, mainly concocted by depriving of all their interest and liveliness the corresponding pages of Lord Macaulay. His chief object appears to be the production of a monograph on Baldearg O'Donnell, the Spanish-Irish General who hoped that, when Orangeman and Jacobite fell out, a native Irish prince might come by what he thought his own. But O'Donnell himself puts no personal appearance worth mentioning into his own story, which, by the way, stands alone in fiction in being entirely without female characters, if we except an old mad woman who turns up now and then, and a Lady McMahon who is casually mentioned from time to time. The tale has neither human nor historical interest, and dulls, instead of heightening, the picturesqueness of the story of Limerick and the Boyne. Look at it as we may, "Baldearg O'Donnell" can only be pronounced the most absolute of failures. The author evidently knows his subject, yet the effect is that of a quantity of "cram" put into the form of a consecutive narrative by one who has never so much as read a novel. His sense of dramatic propriety is even so small as to lead him into representing conversations in the Irish language by a sort of conventional brogue—as if good French were suitably translated by broken English. That Mr. Canning should be the author of "The Philosophy of the Waverley Novels" and also of "Baldearg O'Donnell" is as good an example of the want of connection between theory and practice as can well be imagined.

FLORAL DECORATIONS IN NEW YORK are more extravagant than ever this winter, and the flower-bill is one of the most expensive items of a wedding. Wedding bells and horseshoes of real blossoms have gone out of fashion, and a four-leaved clover—emblem of good luck—is the newest device.

ENGLISHWOMEN are rarely treated in a very complimentary manner by French writers, and a curious description of their habits was given by the late Xavier Aubrey. He declared that "English women live on an average sixty years. Up to thirty they drink water; after that age they drink brandy."



"ROSA, A GIPSY GIRL"
FROM A DRAWING BY J. F. PORTAELS



THE POOR OF LONDON—GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION OF WASTE FISH AT THE WEST END

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

I.

THE Winter Exhibition at Burlington House consists exclusively of oil pictures, and is somewhat smaller than its predecessors, but it is by no means deficient in variety and interest. The 275 works composing it are for the most part good examples of the schools to which they belong, and among them are some masterpieces. In accordance with what has become an established custom, the third or principal gallery is occupied by the largest pictures of various schools, no classification or chronological sequence being observed in their arrangement. Here we first meet with a curious allegorical picture, "Time Clipping the Wings of Love," by Van Dyck, and apparently one of his very early works. The design is spirited, and the two figures are drawn with great power and broadly painted. The large portrait group of "Lord John and Lord Bernard Stuart," which hangs close by, is a more characteristic example of this painter's work. There can be no doubt as to the authenticity of the picture, but the figures seem to lack vitality, and are rather constrained in attitude. His full-length of "Queen Henrietta Maria" which hangs at the opposite end of the gallery, is an admirable example of female portraiture; the face is full of refinement, and the pose of the figure graceful, and at the same time dignified.

A very large picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, "The Death of Dido," lent by the Queen, occupies the central place at the end of the gallery. Though not faultless in design, and wanting the severity of style properly associated with subjects of the kind, it has some fine qualities of art, including glowing harmony of colour and perfect balance of light and shade. The two upright pictures, designed for the west window of the chapel of New College, Oxford, which hang on either side of this work, seem to us still finer. The figures of the woman and the children clinging to her in "Charity" are full of spontaneous grace, and are admirably grouped; and the single figure, "Fortitude," in addition to its masterly handling and splendour of colour, has an element of grandeur not often to be found in Sir Joshua's work. A good example of Albert Cuyp, "Cavalier and Grey Horse," comes next, and a large work by Murillo, "The Immaculate Conception," showing the weakest side of his art. Like an infinite number of works of the same class that he produced, it is feebly sentimental in expression, vague and vaporous in effect. A large picture of common life, called "Old Woman and Boy," belongs to his earlier and more virile period. The old woman, who, seated on the ground with her dog, is eating porridge from an earthen dish, and the boy who is ridiculing her, are true types of Andalusian character, and they are painted with masterly skill and realistic force.

The first important Italian picture that we meet with is a half-length "Female Figure" attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. Whether this be really one of the very few oil pictures that he produced cannot easily be determined, but the face has the especial kind of beauty that we find in his drawings, and is painted in his manner. The arms and hands are however imperfectly modelled, and there is some feeble work in other parts of the picture. Next this hangs one of the finest examples of Venetian portraiture in existence, Tintoretto's "Portrait of a Gentleman," from the National Gallery of Ireland. Of the rare mastery that this work displays, of its strong characterisation, its splendid colour and noble simplicity of style, it would be difficult to speak in exaggerated terms. On the same wall are to be seen several other examples of the Venetian School, including two characteristic works by Jacopo Bassano, and a large picture by Titian, "Venus and Adonis," of the same size as that in our National Gallery, and differing from it in no important particular. It would be useless to speculate as to which picture is the original, and which the *replica*; that they are both by Titian is, we think, beyond question. By that rare master Giorgione there is also a fine work, a portrait group, "A Lady of the Malpieri Family and Her Son," rich in tone, forcible in effect, and remarkable besides for the art with which the sumptuous and somewhat bizarre costumes are disposed so as not to detract from the supremacy of the heads. Passing a half-length portrait of a richly-attired "Venetian Lady Playing a Guitar," painted by Paolo Veronese in his most exuberant style, we come to a work of great value by Sebastian del Piombo, called "La Fornarina," representing a young girl with a basket of fruit and flowers in her hand. The head, which is one of rare beauty, is perfectly drawn, and all its varying contours are modelled with supreme skill; it was probably painted from the same model as the celebrated picture bearing the same name in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, which for a long time was attributed to Raphael, but which is now supposed to be Sebastian's work. An admirable example of serious portraiture hangs near, being the full-length of "A Man" of mature age, dressed in black, and leaning on a stick, by the Spanish painter, Alonzo Cano. The thoughtful head and the figure, which, despite the physical weakness which it shows, has a certain dignity of bearing, are depicted in a way that bears evidence of their fidelity to actual fact, and the picture is remarkable besides for sober harmony of colour and perfect keeping. The large "Holy Family," by Rubens, like most of his works of the same class, is chiefly noteworthy for its technical qualities, its masterly design, its facile handling, and glowing colour. Another and very much finer work by this artist, displaying his quite unrivalled power of animal painting, hangs in the second gallery. It represents "A Young Lion" rolling over in play on the rocky ground. The figure of the tawny beast is drawn and modelled in a way that implies the most complete knowledge of its structure, and it is painted with an easy mastery and firmness of touch that has not been surpassed. We have seen many pictures by Rubens displaying equal power, but none so restrained in style as this, or so artistically complete.

One side of the third gallery is occupied mainly by English portraits and landscapes. Here we find one of Romney's best works, the full-length "Portrait of Catharine, Lady Rouse-Boughton," who is represented leaning on a balcony overlooking a park. Nothing could well be more graceful than the attitude of the figure, or more simple and artistic than the treatment of the drapery which clothes it, but does not conceal its contour. This artist's fine feeling for refined beauty and power of seizing unconscious grace of movement is again shown in the portrait of "Mrs., afterwards Lady, Morris," who is holding the child who stands on her lap. A large portrait group by Reynolds, "Lady Smyth and her Children," is full of vitality and painted in his best manner; the figures are admirably grouped and the colour harmonious and skilfully arranged. Also by Sir Joshua there is a very characteristic portrait of "Charles, First Marquess Cornwallis;" and a graceful full-length of "Lady Beauchamp, afterwards Marchioness of Hertford," which unfortunately has suffered severely by time, especially as regards the flesh tints. By Gainsborough there is a full-length portrait of "A. Moysey, Esq.," rather faded, and two large landscapes both called "The Cottage Door," but by no means identical in subject. Both are good examples of the painter's clever but conventional manner of treating landscape. Near them are two pictures by Turner, belonging apparently to the same period, and both in his best style. The first in order, "Pope's Villa," is a river scene of great beauty, exquisitely pure in tone, full of suffused light and spacious. In the second picture, "Sea Coast, Hastings," the beach animated by numerous figures, the sea beyond, and the fishing boats, are seen through the medium of humid mist, illuminated by a warm glow of afternoon light. We remember nothing by the painter more luminous or more true in atmospheric effect.



SOME American travellers in the East ruin their books by trying to write Ruskine or taking Goethe as their model, or by writing "subjectively" and going in for "goaks." Mr. Selah Merrill has the merit of describing simply and naturally what he saw and went through. He saw a great deal that is known to very few; for while Canaan ("the low land") is visited by swarms of tourists, Moab, Gillead, and Bashan, *i.e.*, the "East of the Jordan" (Bentley), is as yet comparatively a *terra incognita*. As Archaeologist of the Palestine Exploration Society he had every facility for visiting out-of-the-way places; used his opportunities well; and, in his very interesting work, he has not only given us his own record, but has embodied the remarks and copied the illustrations of De Vogüé, the Duke of Luynes, Dr. Tristram, and other explorers. The result is a very complete book on a very important subject. The country has its history; it is the land of St. John the Baptist; nearly six months of our Lord's brief ministry were spent there; the Christians fled thither when the Romans began to close around Jerusalem. In the time of the Antonines it was full of cities, of the baths, temples, theatres, and churches of which Mr. Merrill gives many engravings.

It strikes us as a rather curious thing that no "selections" from Thackeray's works should have been published until now. Dickens was honoured in this way at least once during his lifetime, and it is some years since the compliment was paid to George Eliot. Yet Thackeray is quite as if not more quotable than they. The volume of "Extracts" just issued by Messrs. Smith and Elder, therefore, possesses more than usual interest. The anonymous compiler had a difficult task, we imagine; difficult, if only because of the abundance of material he had to deal with. Nevertheless, the selection presents a very fair general synopsis of Thackerayean thought and feeling. The extracts are conveniently arranged under various appropriate generic headings, and include not only the social and moral philosophy of the author, but also passages from the "English Humourists," characteristic dissertations on the value of the literary and artistic professions, portrait sketches of Washington Irving and Macaulay, and several aphorisms. In short, the book contains a sort of essence of Thackeray's humour and pathos, of his prevailing bitterness, and its curious combination with deep, true sympathy of heart, of his cutting satire, and of his gentle, kindly wisdom. All who admire and love Thackeray, all who care for what we may call the classics of latter-day literature, will heartily welcome this volume, which should inaugurate a better and a wider appreciation of a very loveable, but not often understood, author.

Mrs. Haweis is a sort of "professor of things in general" and modern book-maker combined—we use the phrase "book-maker" in its literary sense, of course. She recently discoursed at vague length on the "Art of Beauty" and the "Art of Dress," and now she has delivered herself of some curious and amusing utterances on the "Art of Decoration" (Chatto and Windus), in which innumerable references are made to her two former "works." This is cheap advertising. The "Art of Decoration" is not exactly a joke: but we are afraid Mrs. Haweis's dissertations must not be taken seriously. That she means well is clear; that she knows her subject thoroughly enough to enable her to instruct the world at large without consequent general madness and disaster, is doubtful, to say the least. Her volume is divided into three "Books," entitled respectively "The Search After Beauty," which is truly bewildering; "A Retrospect of Rooms," which means that Mrs. Haweis has been "boiling down," and extracting from, a History of Furniture and an Account of the Renaissance; and "General Applications," in which her qualifications as professor of things in general, or rather nothing in particular, appear to advantage. We are talked at about lamp forms, concealed lights, pumps and pipes, anti-smuts (a truly original term!), chords in colour, the beauty of freedom, helpers, coloured houses, drain ventilation, the meaning of furniture, ghastly ornament, *ars longa vita brevis*, and the "Old Masters" mischief; the whole concluding triumphantly with "A Word on Architecture," which is simply the funniest piece of inconsequence and misunderstanding we have met with for years. We confess that this incontinent prolific variety—not to speak of the accompanying mysterious and incomprehensible grammar—has proved too much for us, and we lay down the book (which, not so oddly as may appear, is bound in the very worst possible taste) with a sense of bedazzled and not very pleasant astonishment. It is a very marvel of nineteenth-century "aestheticism," superficiality, and pretence.

Mr. Francis George Heath has in a measure made sylvan themes his own. He "struck 'ile," so to speak, in plants and trees, and his books may be taken as a very fair example of what industry and love for a hobby will enable a man to produce under fortunate circumstances. "Autumnal Leaves" (S. Low and Co.) is his latest work, and is noteworthy alike for its undeniable interest and the remarkable fidelity of its coloured illustrations. Indeed, turning over the innumerable pages of life-like representations, we are almost tempted to doubt sometimes whether we have not before us the actual autumn leaves themselves, with all their mysterious, blended beauties of form and tint and subdued rich splendour of decay. For this reason, we take it, the book must be of considerable use to students and amateurs of all arts in which colour is of any importance: the chromatic contrasts and harmonious combinations which these leaves display and suggest being of the highest value. The book deals principally with the New Forest and surrounding districts, and contains accounts of various enchanting rambles, related in the author's usual enjoyable and eminently readable manner. His love and knowledge of natural things are as keen as ever; and few will read his pages without considerable pleasure and no small profit. Besides the coloured representations of leaves, there are several wood-cuts, designed by Mr. Frederick G. Short, who we understand challenges public criticism for the first time. His drawings show great conscientiousness and no little delicacy of touch; but, if we may advise him, they are wanting in effect.

A commendable effort has been made in "Middlesbrough and Its Jubilee" (Middlesbrough: Gazette Office; London: Home Words Office), edited by H. G. Reid, to gather up all that is trustworthy and properly historical of one of the most remarkable instances of rapid town development the world has seen. The resulting volume is not only a fair record of the growth of a busy community, but it is a contribution to the industrial history of the Empire, and an appropriate memorial of the recent Jubilee Celebration. It is, moreover, copiously illustrated with portraits and sketches, several of the latter being from the facile pencil of our artist, Mr. J. R. Brown; whilst as the first authentic history of Middlesbrough it is likely to have a value that will increase more and more as time progresses.

"The Year's Art" (S. Low and Co.) for 1882 is a distinct improvement on previous issues, good even as they have been. Though the size remains about the same, considerable additional matter has been introduced. A good feature is the "Artist's Calendar," in which blank spaces are left for coming events to be entered; definite information as to many such being necessarily unobtainable far enough in advance to be available for publication in the volume. The notes at the foot of each month, too, appear to us a particularly happy idea; whilst the list of books relating to Art published during the past year will be useful in more ways than one. The "Directory

of Artists," however, is to our thinking far from satisfactory, and we hope that in future issues this important department will be enlarged, and generally made more complete than it is at present. With this exception, "The Year's Art" is a very useful handbook and *aidé-mémoire*, as well as a concise and interesting record.

A neat little volume by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert D. Osborn tells us a good deal, if not indeed all, about "Lawn Tennis" (Strahan and Co.). This popular and health-giving exercise, according to Colonel Osborn, was the natural successor of "rinking." Rinking was "the herald and forerunner of a new and better dispensation;" and there is a spice of consolation in learning that the modern game could never have been carried to its present perfection but for the existence of disused skating-rinks. Colonel Osborn's style is chatty and pleasant, and we commend his little book—which not only tells of the game and how to play it, but gives also the laws as adopted by the M.C.C., the A.E.C., and the L.T.C.—to the notice of all who are interested in the matter, whether as enthusiastic players or as spectators merely.



I.

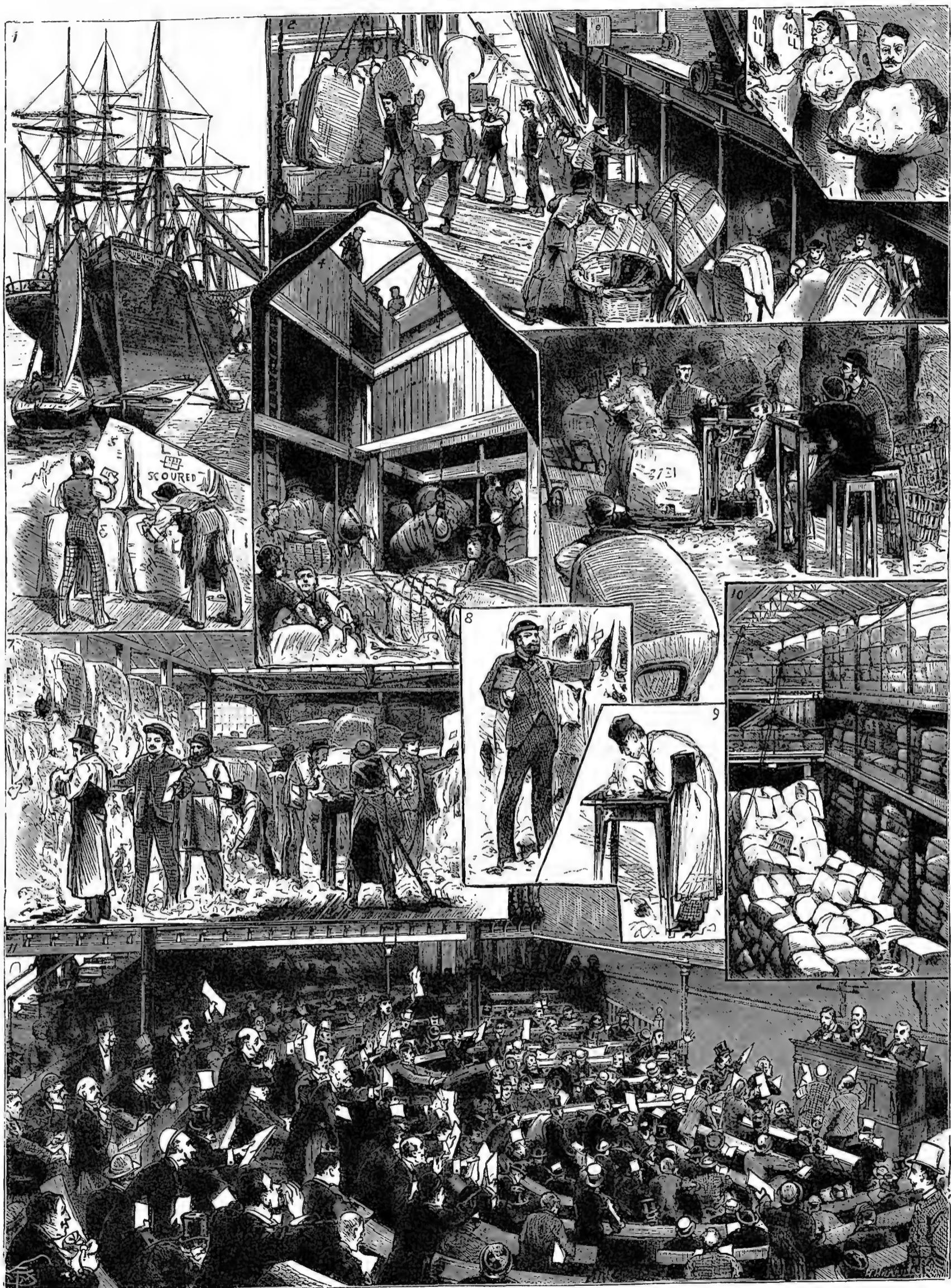
VERY dark is Lady Verney's picture of "Peasant Proprietors in France" in the *Contemporary*. Underfed and overworked, rarely if ever tasting meat, and only the butter-milk from their own cows, these peasants, we are told, live in absolute squalor; the wealthiest even, those who are pointed out as owners of *la maison la plus élégante du voisinage*, standing much lower in the scale of comfort than a fairly-paid farm labourer among ourselves. Lady Verney, it is true, is something of a pessimist, and the district of which she writes—the country about Aix and Chambéry—by no means one of the wealthiest in France. But even in the neighbourhood of Dijon and Lyons the peasant proprietors barely manage to exist. American competition is telling heavily upon them, and the *phylloxera* has so reduced the profits of vine culture that the crops, which were once their greatest source of gain, now only return, one year with another, from 2½ to 3 per cent. It is fair, however, to remember that from other parts of France we have had very different accounts of *le petit cultivateur*.—"The City of London: its Population and Position," by Alderman Cotton, M.P., is an exhaustive paper on the growth within the last decade of the business population of the city—it's true inhabitants, even though they sleep elsewhere—and of its rateable value. Thus judged, the City is still the most populous, save one, of the metropolitan districts, while its rateable value exceeds that of any other city in the kingdom, and its payments to the income-tax more than equal those of the seventeen towns and cities next to it in size. Clearly not a district, thinks the Alderman, to be lumped in with the rest in any grand scheme of municipal centralisation.—In "Old and New Canons of Poetical Criticism" Mr. Alfred Austin finally concludes that poetry must not be defined as a "criticism," but rather as an "imaginative representation" of life, the higher in value in proportion to the amount of life it thus embodies, and, as it were, transfigures, and therefore reaching its grandest forms in the Drama and the Epos, its lowest in descriptive and reflective verse. The conclusion is as old as Aristotle, but the arguments by which it is reached are well worth reading.—While blaming "Irish landlords" for want of union, Mr. Mahaffy clearly shows the difficulties in the way. Some of his statements may surprise the Saxon. "Stopping the hunt" we had imagined to be only a petty display of spite, and not a mode of applying pressure before which all but the firmest bend. Nor should we have thought that one effect of the troubles would be to send more landlords' sons to Trinity. Previously, it would seem, they used to say, "What does the boy want with education? When he grows up he will go over to England, and *some rich lady will take herself to him*."

The *Cornhill*, if we except its serials, is characterised rather by variety than strength. "A Gondolier's Wedding" is, however, a very charming sketch from the everyday life of a picturesque and hardworking class—none the worse for the fact that the writer's usual luxuriance is here somewhat tamed down by the exigencies of realism; and "A Bit of Loot," an evidently truthful tale of a search for hidden treasure in Delhi after the siege, and of the clever way in which the native owners contrived to abstract the more valuable portion of the spoil.

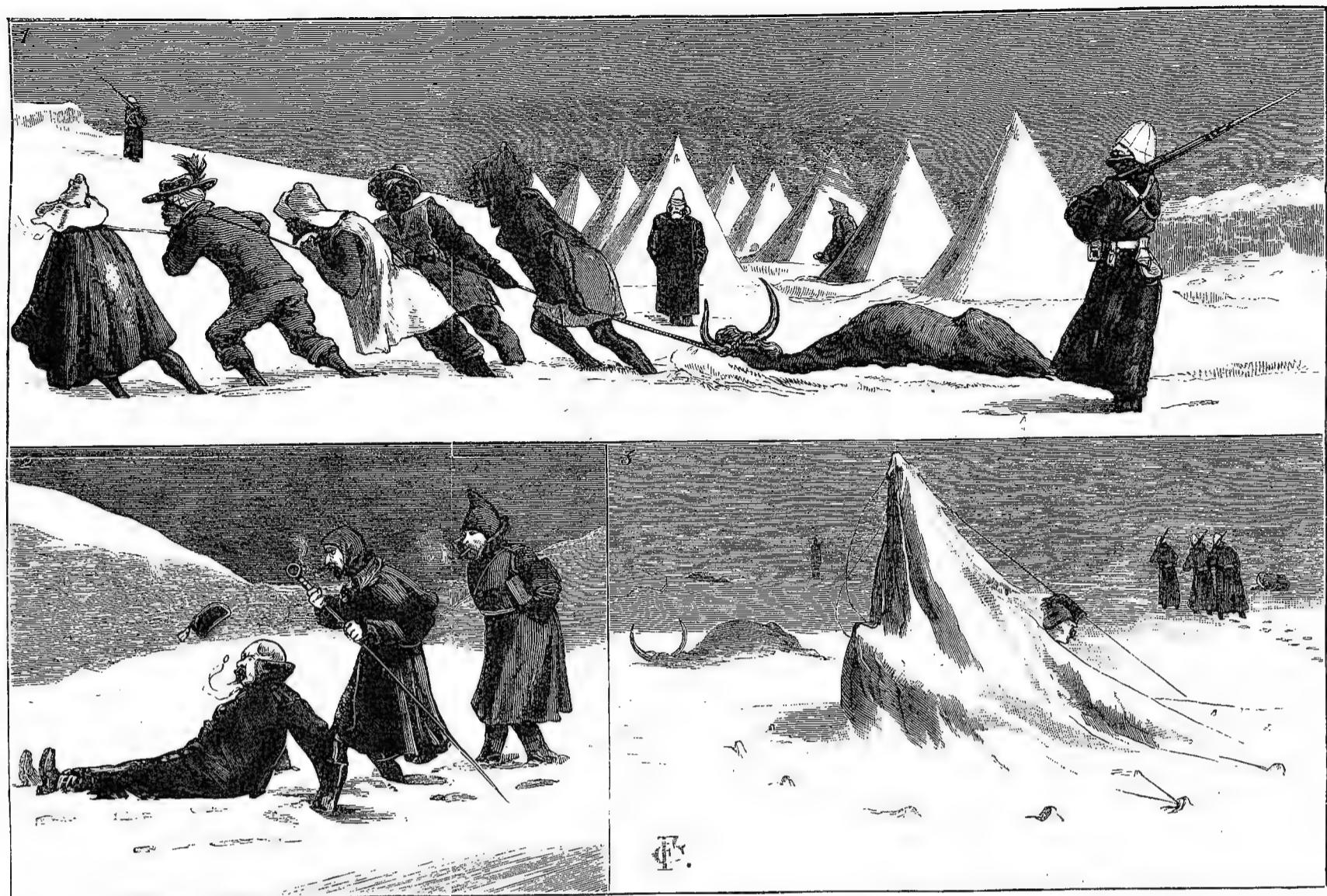
The *St. James's* begins its twenty-second year with a greatly enlarged and generally improved new number. "A Wicked Woman," by R. E. Francillon, is the title of a new serial which even thus early is full of promise.—A clever paper on "Wood-Engraving," by H. V. Barnett, will dispel some current illusions, and do some good service to the cause of English Art by the clearness with which it points out the essential differences between the artistic method of engraving, inaugurated by Bewick, in which beauty and truthfulness of line is everything, and the new "American style," in which the lines count for nothing, and the object is rather by mechanical dexterity and "microscopic graining" to produce effects which do not properly belong to wood-engraving at all.—Among other articles we might mention a judicious estimate of "The Teaching of the late W. R. Greg," an essayist and journalist whose influence, unlike most of his *confidantes*, has been neither superficial nor ephemeral; and Mr. H. S. Fagan's "Two Old Irish Tourists," a lively paper, in which quotations from Arthur Young's and Sir R. Colt Hoare's travels are pleasantly blended with the writer's own exceedingly rose-coloured experiences of rambles among Irish scenes and Celtic ruins.

In the *Gentleman's* the Rev. M. G. Watkins gossips pleasantly on the ideal "Library" in town or country; the books it should hold, the way it should be furnished, even the quarter of heaven it should face; and Mr. Grant Allen, under the title of "An English Shire," traces neatly the successive changes in the history of Sussex from its earliest days of all but absolute isolation from the rest of England—an inhabited strip of land between the chalk Downs and the sea—to its most modern phase of a suburb of the metropolis with a background of weald and sheep-walks.

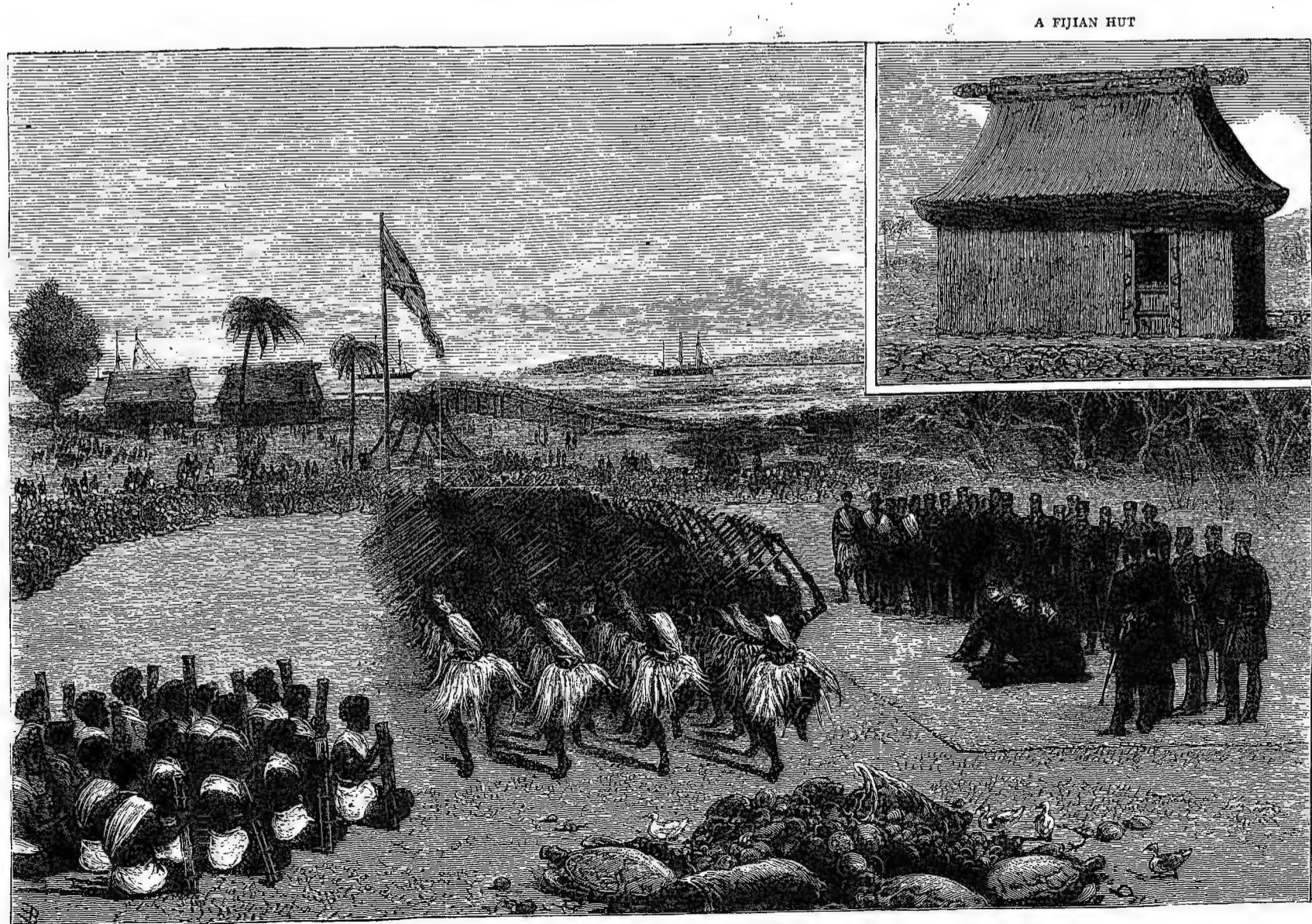
The neck-and-neck rivalry between the *Century* and *Harper's* would almost seem to bring about a certain similarity in the choice of subjects. To a capital description in the latter ("With the Vanguard in Mexico") of scenes and places which the American speculator hopes soon to improve out of all resemblance to their former selves the latter answers with one (no less good) on "A Provincial Capital in Mexico." Against a study of "Burano Lace" may be set another of "Murano Glass," while "Legal Aspects of Mormonism" have their counterpart in "Mormonism in Some of Its Political Aspects." Both groups, we need not say, are thoroughly readable; of the other papers two in the *Century*, perhaps, claim the palm—"Caverns of Luray," a charming account of the new rival to the Kentucky mammoth cave, discovered some three years and a half ago in the limestone formations of Page County, Virginia; and "Increase of Divorce," a paper full of startling statistics. For the ratio of one divorce to every hundred marriages, which so appalled the good Professor Dwight, we have now one to twelve in Chicago, and one to seven in Lake County, Ohio; while elsewhere, both in New England and in the Western States, the proportion of one in twenty is constantly exceeded. Before we laugh, however, we must remember that among ourselves petitions for divorce or legal separation which were as one to 628 marriages when the Divorce Courts were new, were one to 300 in 1878.



1. The *Dublin Castle* discharging Cargo of Cape Wool at Blackwall Docks.—2. On Deck: Unloading the Wool.—3. Drawing Samples from the Bales.—4. In the Main Hold: Breaking Bulk.—5. Labelling the Bales in Lots on Show.—6. Weighing Up the Bales after Sale.—7, 8, and 9. Intending Buyers Examining and Valuing at the Warehouse.—10. The Wool Storehouse, St. Katharine's Docks.—11. The Sale Room at the Wool Exchange.

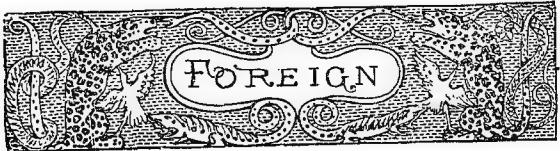


1. A Funeral Procession.—2. The New Majors Going to School to Fort Amiel.—3. Some Effects of the Snowstorm.
"AFRIC'S SUNNY CLIME"—AFTER A SNOWSTORM IN NATAL



A NATIVE WAR-DANCE AT NASSOVA, FIJI

THE YOUNG PRINCES ON THEIR CRUISE



FRANCE.—The new year cannot be said to open—politically speaking—particularly auspiciously for France. It is true that there is no actual crisis in existence, but there are numerous and lowering clouds on the horizon which threaten very serious storms by and by. France is divided into so many parties and sub-parties, or factions, that there is scarcely a subject on which a large majority can be found to agree, while a strong combination may always be found to criticise and form an opposition. Nor are French parties in any way nice or scrupulous with regard to their alliances, and two factions will frequently unite to combat some petty detail of a principle which forms the profession of faith of one of them. It is for this reason that so many Cabinets have risen and disappeared so rapidly during the last few years, and that no Premier has yet been able to withstand the combined attacks, not of his enemies alone, but of opponents combined with those of his friends who do not agree with his method of working. Thus, while every shade of Republicans joined in urging M. Gambetta to take office, and acclaimed his accession to the Premiership as the ultimate triumph of the Republican party, now that he is actually in power the various sections are showing signs of falling away, some because he is too Radical, others because he is too Conservative. His proposed revision of the Senate and the return to the *Scrutin de liste* alarmed the former, his determination to retain the Senate at all, and his perfect independence in choosing his subordinates—for instance, the appointment of M. Weiss to an important post in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs—offended the latter. M. Weiss served under the Ollivier Administration, and again with the Duc de Broglie, when he was a warm advocate of the abortive *Coup d'Etat* of 1877. M. Gambetta's selection of him as a colleague has, therefore, excited great wrath on the part of the "orthodox" Republicans, who are apt to forget that the staunchest of their party have in many cases begun by being Monarchists or Imperialists. Taking it all in all, though M. Gambetta is in the plenitude of his popularity, there is undoubtedly a terribly stormy Session before him, and a series of battles which he will have to fight practically alone and unaided—for it cannot be expected that his "Cabinet of Nobodies" will afford him much assistance, though perhaps it is a counter-balancing advantage that it can cause him no hindrance. It is curious in all this to note how completely M. Grévy's name has now dropped out of all controversy. He is at present as complete a political impersonality as a British Sovereign or a Swiss President.

PARIS has been busy with its official New Year's receptions and its non-official New Year's visits, and there is very little news proper. There have been more meetings of the English and French Commissioners for the new Treaty of Commerce, and it has been stated that the negotiations have been completely broken off. This is, however, denied by the usually well-informed correspondent of *The Times*, who nevertheless admits that the difficulties on both sides are such that, even with the best will on both sides, they may not be surmounted. M. Challemel-Lacour's action for libel against M. Rochefort has fallen through on technical grounds; and the only other item of interest is the death of M. Hérod, the Prefect of the Seine. Turning to purely social matters, there have been three dramatic first representations—a new comedy at the Palais Royal, *Le Mari à Babette*, by MM. Meilhac and Gill; a comédie-bouffe at the Athénée, *Le Lapin*, by MM. Bataille and Feugère; and a comic opera, *Les Pantins*, at the Opéra Comique, of which the music is by M. Hue, and the words by Edouard Montagne.

In TUNIS M. Roustan has returned, being received with an address of welcome by his friends. His New Year reception also was well attended, though it is said that some of the old-established merchants held aloof. He did not, however, attend the Bey's reception on New Year's Day, and General Mussali was ordered not to act as usual as interpreter for the French military officials. There is no military news, save that no sooner was General Logerot's back turned in the direction of Sfax than the Ouerghama and Overdina tribes again rose in revolt, thus necessitating the despatch of another column of 2,000 men to the disaffected districts.

GERMANY.—The New Year's Day festivities were enhanced by Sunday being the seventy-fifth anniversary of the entry into the army of the Emperor, who despite his eighty-five years is in capital health just now. Another noteworthy feature of the day was the appointment of an assistant to Marshal Von Moltke, who at eighty-two is somewhat feeling the great stress of work which his position as chief of the German army entails upon him. As moreover Count von Waldersee, who has been selected for the post, is generally looked upon as the eventual successor to the greatest strategist of modern times, the appointment is of more than mere German interest, considering that he will control the most powerful army in Europe, and that Germany in more than one quarter is showing herself ready and willing to settle the vexed questions of other nations. Both in Turkey and the Vatican we hear of German voices having a preponderating weight, while no Power would venture to undertake any European enterprise without first taking the opinion of Germany on the subject. To return to Count Waldersee; he is a Prussian nobleman, and in his fiftieth year. He has seen good military service, and is as able with his pen as with his sword, having written the only complete work on the Danish war, based upon official sources.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—At CONSTANTINOPLE the successful results of the Turkish Mission to Berlin, and its cordial reception in Vienna, are raising high the hopes of an informal Teutonic-Turco alliance, and there is much talk of the *entente* between Germany and Austria on the one side and Turkey on the other, which will prevent any further attack on the integrity of the Sultan's Empire, while the Porte for its part will take no important international action without first consulting the two Powers. Thus the rising in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which has threatened to involve Austria in serious complications, will now probably rapidly subside.

EGYPT.—England and France have been discussing an Identical Note to the Khedive, promising, in the event of any serious disturbances opposing his authority, to afford him "effective support," and to restore order and protect his authority by "material co-operation." This proposition is said to have been made by M. Gambetta to the British Government, but the other Powers, having got wind of it, have expressed a desire to be included in the negotiations. This step is manifestly intended more as a hint to Egyptian malcontents rather than as foreshadowing any definitive occupation of Egypt. Curiously enough, coincident with this is published a letter from Arabi Bey, detailing the profession of faith of the Egyptian "National Party" in Egypt. He announces that while the party accepts the existing relations of Egypt with the Porte, with the Sultan as the Suzerain, and Caliph of the Mussulman religion, they are firmly determined to defend their national rights and privileges, and to oppose by every means in their power any attempt to reduce Egypt to the condition of a Turkish Pashalik. They trust in the protecting Powers of Europe, and more especially in England, to continue their guarantee of Egypt's administrative independence. Equal assurance of loyalty is given with regard to the Khedive, and an equal determination avowed to permit no renewal of that "despotic reign of injustice, which Egypt has so often witnessed, and to insist upon the exact execution of his

promise in governing with a Council of Deputies, and giving the country freedom." A compliment is then paid to England and France, to whom "all freedom and justice which has been obtained in the past is due," and the entire foreign debt is duly accepted, European control over the finances being recognised as a necessity. The National party repudiate all connection with those who, for jealous or private reasons, trouble the peace of the country; but Arabi Bey is careful to state that the party cannot by a passive attitude secure "liberty in a land which is still ruled by a class to whom liberty is hateful." Then comes the most serious statement of all. While looking to the Parliament now assembling and to the growth of knowledge among all classes, "the National party has confided its interest at the present time to the army, believing it to be the only power in the country able and willing to protect its growing liberties." It is true that this is qualified by a declaration that as soon as the people have established their rights, the army will abandon its present political attitude, and that the aim of the National party is the "intellectual moral regeneration of the country by a better observance of the law, by increased education, and by political liberty, which they hold to be the life of the people." But this threat of Praetorian dictatorship, uttered by a man who has already headed an important military rising, when coupled with the whole tone of his utterances, can hardly fail to attract the serious attention of those Powers interested in the tranquillity of Egypt.

INDIA.—The Ameer has arrived at Kabul, where all is quiet, and the chief news comes from Herat and South Western Afghanistan, which is restless and unsettled. The Alizai section of the Durani tribes are discontented with the recompense which the Ameer has given them for their allegiance; while still more important is the report that Sirdar Iskander Khan, the son of Ahmed Khan, a former Governor of Herat, and who has several times appeared upon the scene of Afghan politics, is in the neighbourhood of Herat, ostensibly under Russian influences, and is actually corresponding with the Heratis for the deposition of Abdul Kudus and the election of himself. Abdul Kudus is said to have sent a force to Ghoriyan, where Iskander Khan now is, to drive him away. Concurrent with this report is a rumour that the Russians, having accepted the surrender of Merv, are now moving in the direction of Herat. At Candahar the new Governor has been mysteriously warning the people that the infidels are pressing upon every side, and of the necessity of all to live in unity, to arm, and to prepare.

The Guicowar of Baroda, having attained his majority, has been invested with full powers of administration by Sir James Ferguson, the Governor of Bombay. In his inauguration speech the young ruler protested his sincere and undeviating loyalty to the Empress of India. During the festivities there were some serious riots amongst the soldiery.

The bridge across the Hooghly is to be begun immediately. The site chosen is about twenty miles above Calcutta.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In RUSSIA the Warsaw disturbances seem to have been more serious than were at first thought. No fewer than 6,000 Jewish families suffered at the hands of the rioters, and 2,600 persons have been arrested, amongst whom are stated to be various Nihilists and revolutionaries. The police are said to have been completely inefficient, and to have lost their heads during the disturbances, which lasted for several days. The soldiers also calmly looked on or took part in the pillage.—In SWITZERLAND the St. Gotthard tunnel has been handed over to the company by the contractors. The first experimental trip with a complete train was performed in one direction in 33, and in the other in 50 minutes. The contractors are said to have lost 100,000/ by the work. Eight trains—four each way—now traverse the tunnel. It is expected that the line in its entire length will be open during the ensuing summer.—In PORTUGAL the Cortes has been opened by the King in person, who alluded to the coming visit of the King and Queen of Spain. There is a rumour that an attempt has been made to poison the King, and that several palace servants were implicated.—From the UNITED STATES there is nothing save details of the never-ending Guiteau trial, of the usual New Year's receptions, of a cold snap of weather which has ushered in the New Year, of a disaster at Shanesville, Ohio, where a flooring of a building gave way, and 200 people were precipitated to the ground beneath, twelve being killed, and a large number injured, and of the immigration returns for the last year. By these we learn that 550,000 newcomers entered the United States during 1881, exceeding the number of the previous year by 170,000.



THE Queen remains in the Isle of Wight with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold. At the end of last week Madame Roze sang before Her Majesty and the Royal Family, and on Saturday the Queen gave a small dinner party, and received Mr. F. O. Adams, who kissed hands on his appointment as Minister at Berne. On Sunday morning Her Majesty, with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and the Marquis of Lorne, attended Divine Service at Whippingham Church, where Canon Fleming preached, and in the evening Canon Fleming joined the Royal party at dinner. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne left Osborne on Monday, and in the evening the Queen presented New Year's Gifts to the servants of the Royal Household. Christmas trees were arranged in both the Steward's Room and the Servants' Hall, where Her Majesty, aided by Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, personally distributed the gifts to the upper and under servants respectively. The Queen's New Year's Gifts of beef and coal to the poor of Windsor, Holy Trinity, and Clewer were distributed on Saturday in the Riding School at Windsor Castle—3,252 lbs. of beef and sixty tons of coal being given away to 825 persons.

The Prince and Princess of Wales entertained the members of the West Norfolk Hunt on Saturday, when a Royal meet took place on the lawn in front of Sandringham House, and the Prince and Princess subsequently followed the hounds. Next morning they, with their daughters, attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church, where the Rev. Teignmouth Shore preached. On Tuesday the Prince came up to town, and presided at a meeting of the General Committee for the Dean Stanley Memorial. Next day the Prince visited the Smoke Abatement Exhibition at South Kensington, subsequently going to Cumberland Lodge on a visit to Prince and Princess Christian. On Tuesday the Prince will visit the Earl of Stamford and Warrington at Bradgate Park, and when passing through Leicester will be presented with an address, and will probably be asked to open during the summer the new public park adjoining the ruins of Leicester Abbey.—It is stated that the Prince and Princess will shortly open a new wing and chapel presented to the Margate Sea-Bathing Infirmary by Sir Erasmus Wilson.—Princes Albert Victor and George in the *Bacchante* part from the Detached Squadron on Saturday, and escorted by the *Cleopatra*, sailed from Hong-Kong to Suez. Before leaving they attended a public ball given in their honour.

The Duke of Edinburgh visits Shetland on Jan. 23rd, when he lays the foundation stone of the new Town Hall at Lerwick. He will preside at the Annual Dinner of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent

Association on Feb. 18th.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have become patrons of the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution. They have been entertaining Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne at Bagshot.

The Empress Eugénie went to Chislehurst on Monday to visit the tombs of her husband and son.—The Empress of Austria leaves Vienna on the 17th inst., and will arrive at Combermere Abbey on the 20th. Her hunting stud have already arrived, and during her stay Her Majesty will hunt chiefly with the Cheshire and Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds.—The King of Saxony will shortly be invested with the Order of the Garter.



WATCH NIGHT SERVICES were held at very many of the churches and chapels in the metropolis, and were attended by full congregations. The only exception to the peaceful and decorous character of these services was at St. Peter's, Walworth. In the absence of the clergy, some of the parishioners found means to enter the church, and indulged in proceedings more like those of a turbulent meeting than a religious service; whilst a gang of roughs made their way to the belfry, and rang the bells in a most discordant manner.

THE DIOCESE OF ROCHESTER.—Dr. Thorold has sent to *The Times* a letter which he has received from a City merchant who has already built a church, parsonage, and parochial room in his Diocese, and who now offers to build another church capable of holding 1,000 people, if within one year other wealthy Church-people will supply the funds for the building of nine others.

OLD SURREY CHAPEL, BLACKFRIARS ROAD.—The lecture-hall, class-rooms, and Rowland Hill's parsonage house are again in the possession of the Primitive Methodists. Messrs. Green and Son, the purchasers of the entire property, having generously presented them to the congregation who until lately worshipped there.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The Rev. Dr. Walter Smith, of Edinburgh, has offended the Presbytery by telling the new office-bearers at his church that certain questions to which they had to subscribe on their appointment only implied their adherence in so far as they agreed with Holy Scripture. His conduct was made the subject of complaint at a recent meeting, and has been referred to a committee for consideration.

A NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC SEE is, it is said, about to be founded in England at the sole cost of the Duke of Norfolk, who has already contributed most munificently to the Church to which he belongs. His Grace has petitioned the Propaganda to concede the title of Arundel.

THE DEAN STANLEY MEMORIAL already amounts to 3,350/., and it has been decided to entrust Mr. Boehm, A.R.A., with the memorial statue.



THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—The opening of Mr. Rosa's season of operatic performances in London is always looked forward to with interest. This year the theatre elect is again Her Majesty's, in the Haymarket. The subscription list is to comprise fifty representations, the first being announced for the 14th inst., and *Lohengrin*, the opera selected for the occasion—with Mr. J. P. Jackson's English version of the drama. A special feature in Mr. Rosa's programme is the conspicuous place assigned to Richard Wagner, three other works from whose pen are included, viz., *Rienzi*, *Tannhäuser*, and *The Flying Dutchman*. With English adaptations of the first and third of these (also by Mr. Jackson), the enterprising manager has already made his patrons acquainted; but *Tannhäuser* in this shape will be new to them, and it is hoped, for the sake of all concerned, acceptable. Mr. Rosa has in his company artists capable of undertaking any and all the characters belonging to these operas (*Lohengrin* not excepted)—as was proved some three years ago; while with his orchestra of sixty-five practised experts, led by our great violinist, Mr. J. T. Carroll, and conducted by Mr. Alberto Randegger, fresh from his artistic successes at the Norwich Festival, no less efficiency may be expected in the occasionally over-elaborated instrumental accompaniments. Be this as it may, the preponderance of Wagner's music in the general scheme may be found by many well-wishers somewhat excessive; but whether they argue for the best, or the contrary, the result alone can show. What with the Wagner operatic performances under Herr Richter's direction, and the "cycle" of the *Ring des Nibelungen* tetralogy—*Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*, all in a breath, and three times over—at Her Majesty's Theatre, the Prophet of Bayreuth will have to undergo a severe ordeal, through which if he pass triumphantly, and without exhausting the patience of London amateurs, the forebodings as to the speedy dissolution of Italian opera (so called) will find ample justification, and the "advanced school," promoters of "higher development," henceforth have matters all their own way. We profess no fear on the subject, and think the time still a long way off when absolute melody, which is the pith and marrow of absolute music, is likely to be heard with indifference, or the genuine charm of a simple ballad-tune have passed away. As if the four Wagner "dramas" were not sufficient, Mr. Rosa promises a formidable addition, an unanticipated reinforcement—no other than the *Benvenuto Cellini* of Hector Berlioz, whose recent vogue, both in France and in England, would have astonished no one more than himself. *Benvenuto Cellini* was originally produced at Paris nearly forty years since, and about ten years later was given (in Italian) at Covent Garden, failing in each instance on account of supposed "cabals." In Paris the "cabal" (as in the case of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*) was charged to the "lions" of the "stalles d'orchestre," in London to Italian artists connected with the late Mr. Frederick Gye's establishment. Germany, however—more especially Weimar, under Franz Liszt, and Hanover, under Hans von Bülow—have appreciated it at its worth. The English version of *Benvenuto Cellini* is the work of Mr. W. Grist, of the Crystal Palace, just the sort of man for the task. Another advertised novelty is the late Balf's *Trieste* opera, *Pittore e Duca*, the only work of that popular composer unknown to us. An English version, from the highly competent pen of Mr. W. A. Barrett, whose knowledge of music will have served him in good stead, has been prepared. The English name for the opera (originally intended, by the way, for the English stage) is to be *The Painter of Antwerp*. Many hope that Mr. Rosa will make London audiences (as he has already made country audiences) acquainted with the *Promessi Sposi* of the much talked-of Italian composer, Ponchielli, and that he will not overlook the *Taming of the Shrew* of the regretted Hermann Goetz, especially if he can find in his company as emphatically shrewish a Katharine as Minnie Hauk. Further details there will be opportunities enough to discuss.

Meanwhile it must suffice to add that most of the old favourites of the Rosa Company are again in the ranks, with the addition of Mr. Barton M'Guckin, that deserved favourite Mdlle. Alwina Valleria being re-engaged, as also Herr Schott, the last especially for the Wagner operas and *Benvenuto Cellini*.

CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—The statement that Mr. Charles Halle intended henceforth to discontinue his pianoforte recitals in St. James's Hall is unfounded. So much the better; we cannot just now afford to be deprived of entertainments at the same time instructive and delightful. The oftener we have the imperishable models bequeathed to us by the truly great masters brought before us by so ardent and unflinching an advocate the farther off is that decay of the musical art which pessimists are constantly deploring before it can be fairly said to have begun.

POPLAR CONCERTS.—These entertainments have been resumed with but little delay. The return of that admirable pianist, Mdlle. Marie Krebs, would alone have made the concert on Monday interesting. She created a marked sensation in Beethoven's E flat sonata, Op. 31, in the C minor quintet of Hermann Goetz, and the Polonaise in C major of Chopin, with that incomparable violin-cellist, Signor Piatti, as her associate. She received, as she merited, a most cordial and unanimous welcome. The quartet was Beethoven's in A, the fifth of his Op. 18, which, led by Mr. Hollander, with MM. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti as companions, was everything that could be desired. It was altogether an excellent concert, and thoroughly appreciated.

WAIFS.—The Emperor has conferred upon Madame Albani the distinction of "Royal Prussian Chamber Singer." Her success in Berlin increased with every performance, the part in which she appears to have won most unanimous favour being that of Gilda in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, her next was to be Elsa in *Lohengrin*.—Beethoven's birthday was celebrated at the new Grand Opera House in Frankfort-on-Main by what is described as a splendid performance, under Herr Dessooff, of the Choral Symphony.—Mdlle. Lilli Lehmann (the Flosshilde of Wagner's *Rheingold*), has been received with general applause in several of her favourite operas, at the Royal Theatre, Dresden.—At a recent concert given by the Ducal orchestra in Meiningen, Dr. Hans von Bülow played the first pianoforte concerto (in D minor) of Johannes Brahms.—At Milan a musical museum has been established, one of the anticipated results of the late International Exhibition.—The New York Oratorio Society, under the direction of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, commences its series of performances with Anton Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*, the chief part being assigned to Signor Campanini, Mr. Mapleson's leading tenor.—Señor Gayarre, Mr. Gye's Spanish tenor, has been singing at Palma, in Majorca.—We are reminded by several foreign journals that, within five years, no fewer than twenty alarms from fire have occurred on the stage of the Scala, Milan.—A musical society has been instituted at Avignon, under the title of "La Chambre Musicale," with the object of performing works by the "classical" masters. Such institutions, happily, seem to be growing up in a large number of the principal towns and cities of Europe. The more the better just now, for evident reasons; a great deal, nevertheless, depends upon how, and to whose compositions the conventional, if not altogether explicit, term, "classical," is applied.—M. Massenet, composer of *Le Roi de Lahore*, and *Herodiade* (recently produced with great success at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels), has been created Knight of the Belgian Order of Léopold.—At the performance of Handel's *Messiah* in Cincinnati on the 28th of December last, the principal soprano airs were to be sung by Madame Adelina Patti.—We are informed that some thirty companies are giving Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* in various parts of the United States.—The Teatro Malibran, Venice, is closed by authority, until alterations in the building, considered essential for the public safety, have been completed.—A "Tonic Sol-fa Association" has been founded in New York.—The chief musical societies in Milan announce their intention of giving a grand concert in aid of the sufferers by the destruction of the Ring Theatre in Vienna.—It is determined that the San Carlo, Naples, shall henceforth be lighted with oil lamps and wax candles, in addition to gas.—The *Mefistofele* of Arrigo Boito has been a comparative failure at New York.—The season at the Scala, Milan, was "inaugurated" by a performance of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, with M. Micrzewski (Mr. Gye's most recent acquisition) as a *tenore di forza*.



THE TURF.—Again were many poor equine slaves, who had been hard at it over timber and across country for many weeks past, pulled out for the benefit of Manchester sporting folk on Monday and Tuesday last; and again was the recent running at Sandown the key to more than one event. For instance, the Duke of Hamilton's *Eau de Vie* won the Hunters' Flat Race on the first day, and the Hunters' Hurdle Race on the second, Proctor running second on both occasions; and Glen Jorsa was to the fore in the Trafford Park Steeplechase; while Ignition, who ran well at Sandown, won the Manchester Steeplechase, and Valahaka, another good performer over the Esher slopes, was second. Mr. Howard scored on each day with The Miller (h.b.); and it would seem that even more often at "illegitimate" than at "legitimate" meetings does a winner one day follow up his success on the next, and horses generally run up to their best recent form. By these remarks we do not wish to suggest that following winners over "sticks" or "a country" is a road to fortune.—Mr. Hungerford's horses have left Newmarket for Tom Cannon's stables in Hampshire.—Jacob Pincus, the trainer of Iroquois and other of Mr. Lorillard's horses, is on a visit to America, where, of course, he is a great hero. He may be expected to return to Newmarket about the end of the month.—It is said that Mr. Philip Dwyer, a well-known breeder of thoroughbred stock in America, will shortly arrive in this country to "prospect," and contemplates eventually shipping a portion of his stud to our shores.—Fred Archer has had a nasty fall while hunting in Gloucestershire, but it is hoped he will soon be all right again.—The death of Captain D. W. Pack-Beresford, a well-known Irish sportsman, is announced. He was associated with the "famous" Marquis of Waterford in the earlier part of his Turf career.

FOOTBALL.—As another instance of the great interest taken by the general public Northwards, compared with that evidenced in the London district and the South generally, it may be noted that nearly 6,000 spectators were present on the grounds of the Aston Villa Club, Birmingham, on Saturday last to witness the match between that club and Nottingham County in the Association Challenge Cup contest. After a splendid game the result unfortunately was a draw, each side scoring two goals.—The Blackburn Rovers and Dumbarton seem to play against each other with various success. Already each had beaten the other this season, four goals to one being scored on both occasions, but at Blackburn on Saturday last the home team won the rubber, scoring five goals to one, the last being obtained after a "free kick" about a yard from the centre of the goal line, when the Dumbarton men were pushed bodily with the ball through the goal.—Another good Association game has been played at Darwen between the local

team and Partick (Glasgow), about 4,000 spectators being present, resulting in a draw, each side scoring three goals.—In Rugby games, the Clapham Rovers have beaten Wimbledon; Leicester Victoria has only just defeated Belgrave by two tries to one; and at Enfield the Criterion has beaten the Enfielders.—In Orkney, on New Year's Day, there was enthusiastic football playing in the streets of Kirkwall, according to the old custom which once prevailed very generally in English towns. The opposing parties at Kirkwall were, as usual, those living above and those below the Cathedral, and the former were the victors for the second year in succession. There was a regular "omnium-gatherum" of the inhabitants,—merchants, bankers, doctors, magistrates, town councillors, and tradesmen being all engaged in the fray either as "skips" or players.

SWIMMING.—The annual Christmas Morning Handicap of the Serpentine Swimming Club had to be postponed from Boxing Day morning on account of the ice on the water, but it has since been brought off. It was for 100 yards, and open to all amateurs. There were ten starters, several of our best known "natationists" being among them. It was a capital race, Mr. D. Ainsworth, the winner on two previous occasions since the institution of the handicap in 1864, winning by barely half a yard from Mr. Delavanti, the others being close up.

BICYCLING.—A Fifty Miles Amateur Bicycling Race, said to be for the Amateur Championship of America, has taken place in New York. It was organised by John Keen, the famous English professional, and six competitors came to the post. Mr. C. D. Vesey, of our Surrey B.C., was the favourite, but the race was won by Mr. G. D. Gideon, of Philadelphia. Mr. Vesey was "nowhere" at the finish, but from six to twenty-one miles (except the thirteenth) he beat the best American records.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—Dr. Carver has won another match for 1000 a side, having beaten Mr. Graham. The terms were 100 birds each, five traps, five yards apart, use of two barrels, "Monaco boundary," i.e., seventeen yards' measurement from each trap, Mr. Graham to stand at 28 and Dr. Carver at 30 yards. At one time it seemed as if the Doctor was falling to pieces, but eventually he won, killing 76 out of 100 birds to his opponents 63.

HUNTING.—The Duke of Beaufort has complained publicly in the papers that the inconsiderate behaviour of many riders with his hounds is making hunting unpopular in his county; and the Committee of the North Warwickshire have decided not to publish the meets, in order to prevent persons who do not support the hunt in any way from ascertaining the various fixtures. It is notorious that the riders who contribute nothing towards the expenses of sport are invariably the most forward in making all kinds of suggestions, in season and out of season, and are the most careless as to the damage they do to farmers and others who, out of good feeling, tolerate fox-hunting.

ATHLETICS.—It has been pointed out that "big things" in the way of athletics, &c., is a feature of the year that has just ended. In 1881 the quickest amateur quarter-mile was run, the quickest professional mile, and the quickest twenty-four miles; the best bicycle record of fifty miles has been made; the highest jump and highest pole-jump have been effected; and the highest individual score and highest aggregate score of an eleven have to be credited to 1881.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

A COLLECTION of pictures by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., constitutes the main feature of the Winter Exhibition at Sir Coutts Lindsay's Gallery in New Bond Street. Since Sir Edwin Landseer's collected works were exhibited at the Royal Academy soon after his death, so large an assemblage of pictures by one artist has not been seen. It is described as complete, and rightly so, for it shows every phase of the painter's art; his very early efforts and his mature works are here, his failures as well as his highest achievements. We know of no modern painter, English or foreign, whose works would furnish so rich and varied a display. Throughout his career Mr. Watts has worked consistently in the direction of serious art. Among these two hundred canvases, representing the work of more than forty years, there are some in which, from failure of technical resource, the result is not adequate to the amount of labour bestowed, but none in which a distinctly artistic purpose is not obvious. It is not surprising that Mr. Watts has not achieved widely-spread popularity, for the qualities of his work are of a kind that, to be fully appreciated, demand a certain amount of artistic culture on the part of the spectator. Inspired always by genuine poetic feeling, his imaginative works display a grandeur of style derived partly from the example of the great Italian masters of design, and a fine feeling for abstract perfection of form. His "Diana and Endymion," his "Fata Morgana," and the magnificent half-length figure, "The Wife of Endymion," are among the best works of the kind that modern art has produced. We care little for the symbolic significance of some of his large allegorical compositions, such as "Time, Death, and Judgment," "Life's Illusions," or "Time and Oblivion," but it would be difficult to speak too highly of the great artistic power they display. The large picture, "Love and Death," which appeared here a few years ago, is one of his most impressive works, and there is much grandeur of design as well as pictorial beauty of composition in the enormous work yet unfinished called "The Angel of Death." Though one of the greatest of modern artists, Mr. Watts is unquestionably one of the most unequal; in some of his pictures incorrectly proportioned figures are to be seen, and in others we find a certain infirmity of line implying uncertainty as to form. The same curious inequality exists with regard to colour; many of his works, and especially his portraits, are distinguished by subtlety of tone and rich harmony of tint, while in some the flesh tints are unpleasantly muddy and opaque.

Of the artist's remarkable power as a painter of portraits there are numerous examples, many of them deriving interest from their subjects as well as their manner of treatment. So large a gallery of portraits of men, in various ways eminent, and belonging to the same period, has probably never before been exhibited. Mr. Watts seems always to have aimed at recording the permanent aspect of his subject rather than at seizing a transitory expression; his portraits have consequently a certain air of repose and dignity. Some of them, including the artist's portrait of himself, the half-length of "Horace Davey, Esq., Q.C.," and the splendidly painted heads of "Dr. Martineau" and "The Late Russell Gurney, Q.C., Recorder of London," are masterpieces worthy to rank almost with the highest achievements in this department of art of any time or country; while many others, such as the half-length of the late "Dean Stanley," and the heads of "W. E. Lecky, Esq.," and of "The Late John Stuart Mill," are not greatly inferior to them. Besides showing the keenest insight into individual character, they are in excellent keeping, and are painted in the painter's best style, with mastery and ease, but without any display of dexterity. Among several examples of graceful female portraiture are a half-length of "The Countess of Rosebery," remarkable for the admirable modelling of the head and bust, and another of "Miss Venetia Cavendish Bentinck," attired in red, recalling by its quality and disposition of colour the work of the great Venetian masters. The portrait of "Lady Lindsay of Balcarres" playing the violin is an admirable work, and so is the fully painted half-length of the "Hon. Mrs. Percy Windham."

The water-colour drawings which complete the Exhibition occupy a subordinate place, being confined to the two very small rooms, and the corridor. We first meet with a distant view of

"Le Havre," by M. Jules Lessorre, suggestive of space and delicate in its gradations of tone. A characteristic example of the work of Mr. A. Goodwin, "Aylesford Priory, Kent," hangs near it, and a brilliant sketch "In the Paddock," full of light and air, by Mr. Mark Fisher. Mr. Joseph Knight has two very truthful transcripts of nature, "In Conway Bay" and "An Upland Road," in his usual sombre style; and Mr. E. J. Poynter a very literal rendering of a picturesque "Street in Capri." Two fresh and vigorously painted sea-side studies by Mr. Clem Lambert by their atmospheric truth justify the titles affixed them, "Breezy" and "Sunshine and Shadow." By Mr. D. Murray, there is a large drawing of a dismal swamp, "The Haunt of Coot and Hern," true apparently to Nature, and painted in a fresh and thoroughly unconventional style. Among other works deserving notice are a very delicately-painted autumnal scene, "Combe Paradise, Somerset," by Mr. J. W. North; a study of "Ships Off Wapping," by Mr. J. S. Hill; and a series of views of picturesque nooks and corners in and about "Westminster Abbey," painted with photographic accuracy of detail by Mr. J. O'Connor.



THE revival of Mr. Albery's *Two Roses* at the LYCEUM Theatre presents Mr. Irving once more in one of the most remarkable of his impersonations. With the exception of a single appearance at a morning performance on a special occasion, he has not, we believe, been seen in the part of Digby Grant since he left the Vaudeville, some nine or ten years ago; and since then, as all playgoers know, he has rarely deserted the province of romantic and poetical drama. Hence this very fine piece of acting will probably be entirely new to a large proportion of his audiences. Happily, though Digby Grant is always the central figure of the story and the main source of its interest, this is by no means a play of the kind which are known as "one-part pieces." On the contrary, it comprises other admirable sketches of character, while the whole conduct of its interesting story is marked by a degree of skill and tact which entitles this strictly original work to the permanent place in our dramatic literature which it is probably destined to occupy. Mr. Irving's Digby Grant, like all really valuable artistic efforts, will not only bear study but will be found to reveal new merits at each examination. The hypocrisy, meanness, and self-indulgence of the man in adversity are finely contrasted with his insolent arrogance and ingratitude during his temporary possession of wealth; and with all this, there is a constant subtle suggestion of that self-deception which, in more or less degree, generally blinds the absolutely worthless to their own defects. The play is not acted throughout with the remarkable efficiency of the original cast. The gentleman who plays the part of Caleb Deecie wants something of Mr. Thorne's singularly truthful assumption of the ways of the blind; nor is that otherwise excellent actor, Mr. Terriss, quite at home in the part of Jack Wyatt, originally played with such easy grace and manly passion by the late Mr. Montague. Of the merits of the performance of "Our Mr. Jenkins" by Mr. David James, who fortunately for visitors to the Lyceum has now joined the company, there is now little need to speak. The "Two Roses," Ida and Lottie, are very gracefully represented by Miss Helen Matthews and Miss Winifred Emery; and Mr. Howe plays with his accustomed force the character of the solicitor, Mr. Furnival. The piece is put on the stage with all the advantages of scenic decoration of which its action is capable. On the fall of the curtain Mr. Irving delivered a brief address.

The management of the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE are to be congratulated on having produced in *The Squire* one of the most interesting plays of recent times. Its originality has been called in question, and certainly not without what would appear to be abundant grounds; but happily the point in dispute is, on this occasion, not whether Mr. Pinero adapted without acknowledgment a foreign play, but whether he has not rather unceremoniously helped himself to a novel of his fellow-countryman, Mr. Thomas Hardy. The piece is ours, in any case—English; nor could its admirable pictures of rural life possibly be other than English. No living novelist has shown more power of original observation in this way than the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," and it is remarkable that not one only, but half a score, of critics have come to the conclusion that Mr. Pinero in *The Squire* has dramatised that story with modifications only of the sort that are commonly found necessary in transferring a novel to the stage. His heroine, Miss Verity, has succeeded, like Mr. Hardy's Miss Everdene, to a small freehold estate, and a fine old, partly mediæval, partly Jacobean, mansion, which, from the dignity of an ancient manor house, had descended to the status of a comfortable farmhouse, with a noble gateway, showing from the inner court glimpses of a cultivated landscape. Like Miss Everdene again, she has resolutely determined to carry on the farm in person, engaging the farm folk, and directing and paying them herself. Miss Everdene is addressed by those about her by masculine titles—such as "sir" and "farmer." Mr. Pinero's heroine, in like manner, is called by them "squire" and "the squire." This slight tendency to dignify the farm lady is exhibited again in the circumstance that, while both in novel and play the heroine loves and marries a soldier, the favoured swain in the former is a sergeant, whereas in the latter he is a lieutenant. The essential facts, however, remain the same; for in both cases the soldier conceals from the lady a former connection, which being discovered after the marriage causes much sorrow and heartburning. Besides all this, each lady has rejected the love of a faithful bailiff for the sake of the uncandid soldier. Then the heroine of the play is constantly attended by a rustic girl, granddaughter of a garrulous old patriarch on the estate; and this young person, half lady's-maid, half companion, is also in love with a deceiving soldier—all which is precisely as in the novel. Other points of close resemblance are noticeable. The most dramatic situation of the play, in which a rejected lover, in the presence of the heroine, raises his gun in a room in the farm-house to shoot dead the soldier who has cruelly deceived her, is also the most dramatic situation in Mr. Hardy's story. But, over and above all this, the familiar relations between the lady farmer and her dependent, the rustic folk by whom she is surrounded, and finally the whole tone of Mr. Pinero's play, though the excellent dialogue appears to be his own, indicate very strongly that the novel has furnished the story of the play. Nor is this any the less so because in the play the two rustic admirers of the heroine are rolled into one, and the deceiving soldier is not shot dead, but lives to make amends and re-marry the lady—the first wife whom he is represented to have supposed to have died long ago being now really deceased. In spite of all this we have in Mr. Pinero's letter, published in the Monday article on the theatres in the *Daily News*—the dramatic critic of which paper had, in common with others, detected a resemblance—a positive denial that *The Squire* was "founded upon or in any way suggested by the novel." Into the controversy between this gentleman, Mr. Comyns-Carr, and Messrs. Hare and Kendal, whose letters appear in the same journal, we are prevented from want of space from entering. Visitors to the St. James's will probably feel less concerned with questions of disputed authorship than with the merits of the play, which, in spite



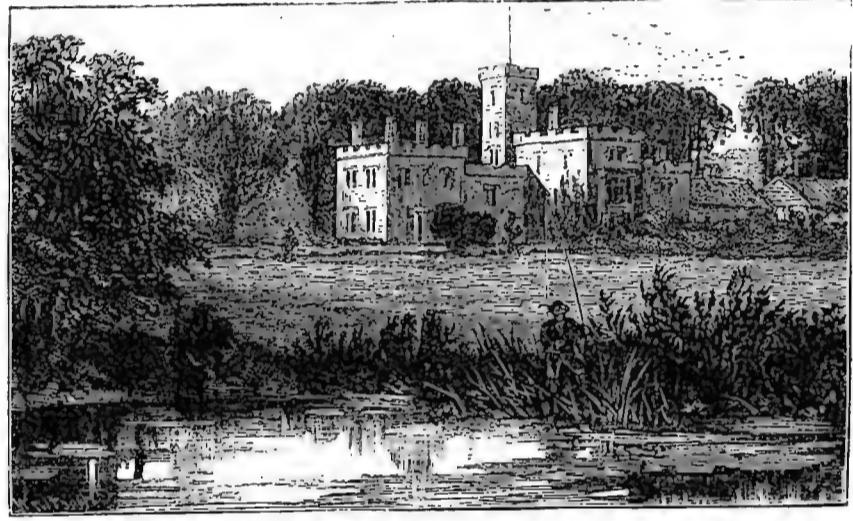
MAJOR ARTHUR G. HAMMOND, BENGAL STAFF CORPS, V.C.
Awarded the Victoria Cross for Gallantry in Action near Cabul, Dec. 14, 1879



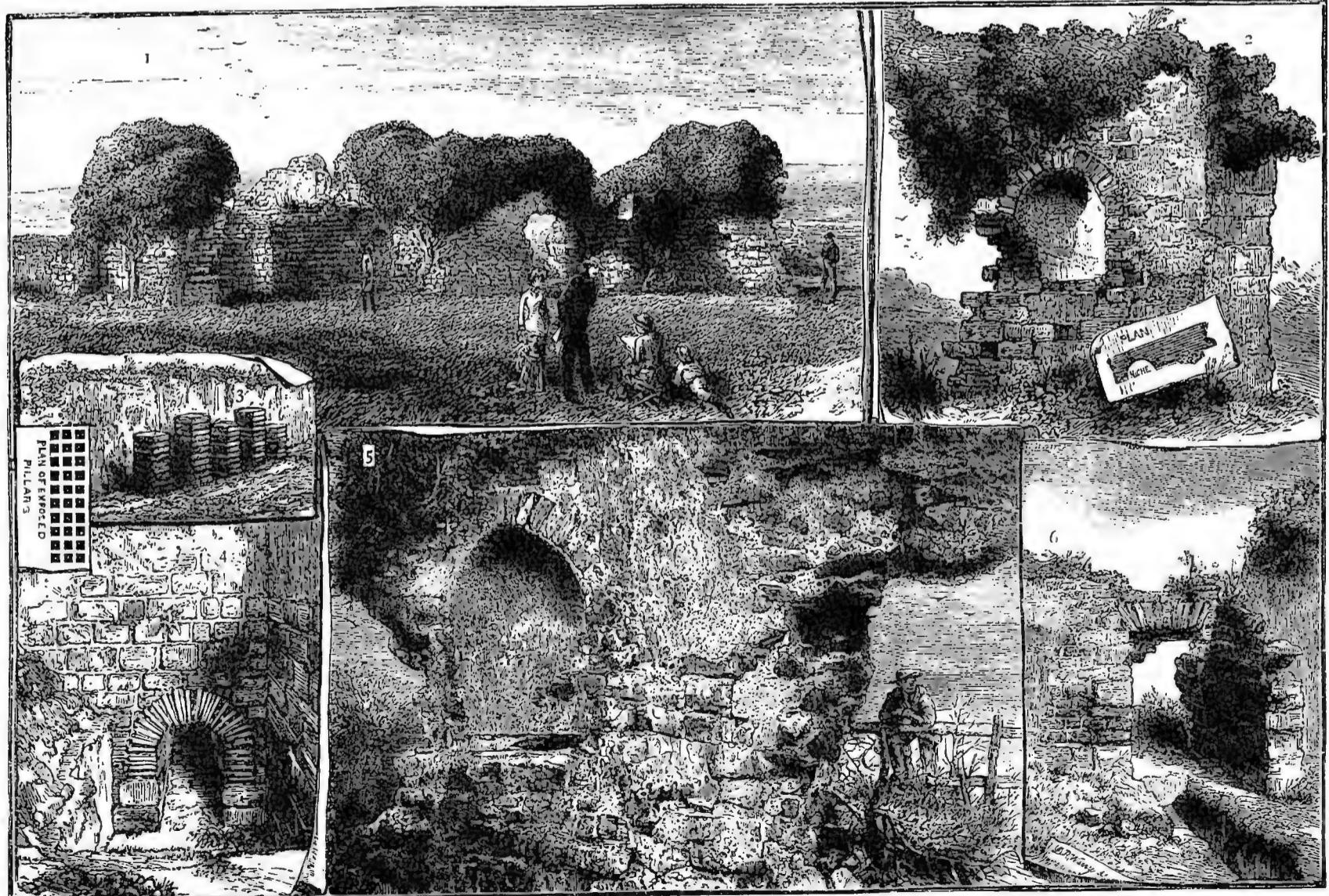
RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT LUSH, LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL
Died Dec. 27, 1881, aged 74



OWEN GLENDOWER'S ("OWAIN GLYNDWRDU'S") HOUSE, DOLGELLEY : MEETING-PLACE OF THE ANCIENT WELSH PARLIAMENT



THE BISHOPRIC OF NEWCASTLE : BENWELL TOWER, PRESENTED BY MR. J. W. PEASE AS AN EPISCOPAL PALACE FOR THE NEW SEE

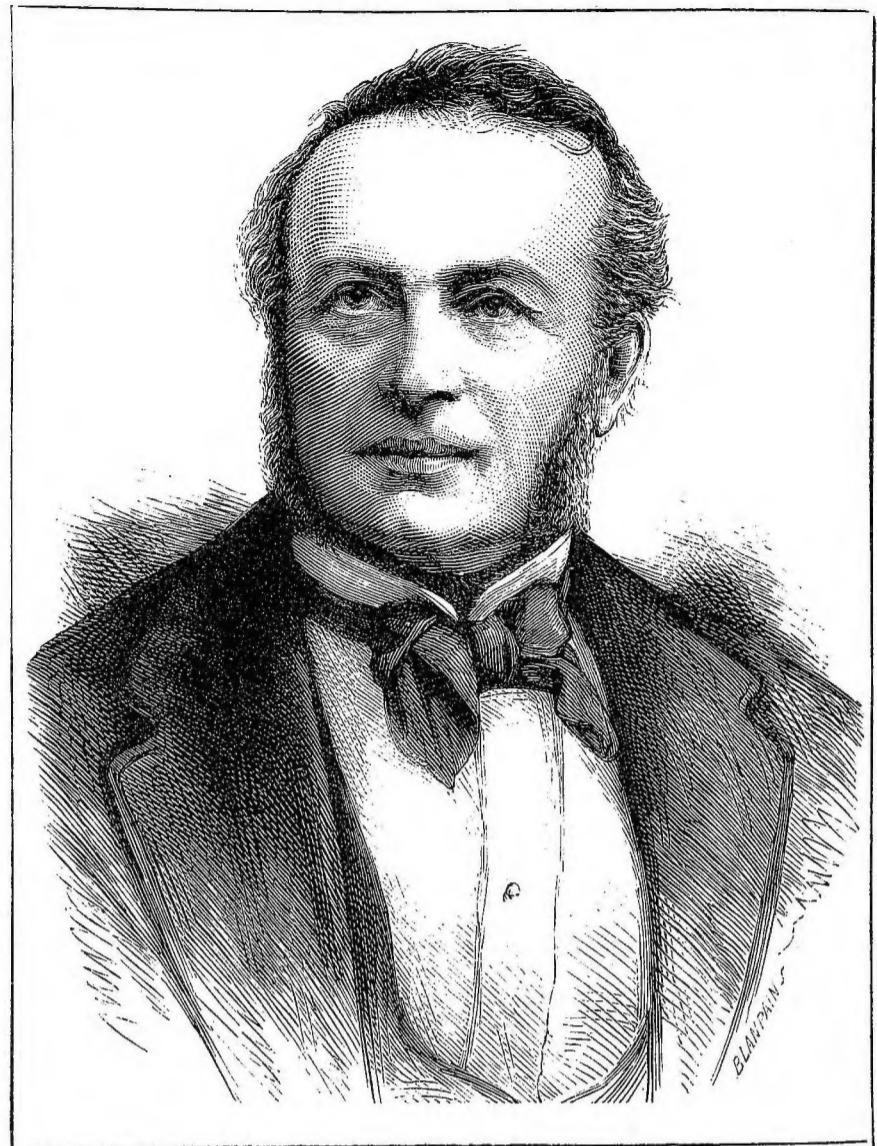


1. General View from the East.—2. Niche in Chamber C.—3. Partial View of Hypocaust in Chamber F.—4. Arch of Prefurnium in Chamber B.—5. Niche in Chamber C, with Overhanging Wall.—6. Doorway in Chamber B.

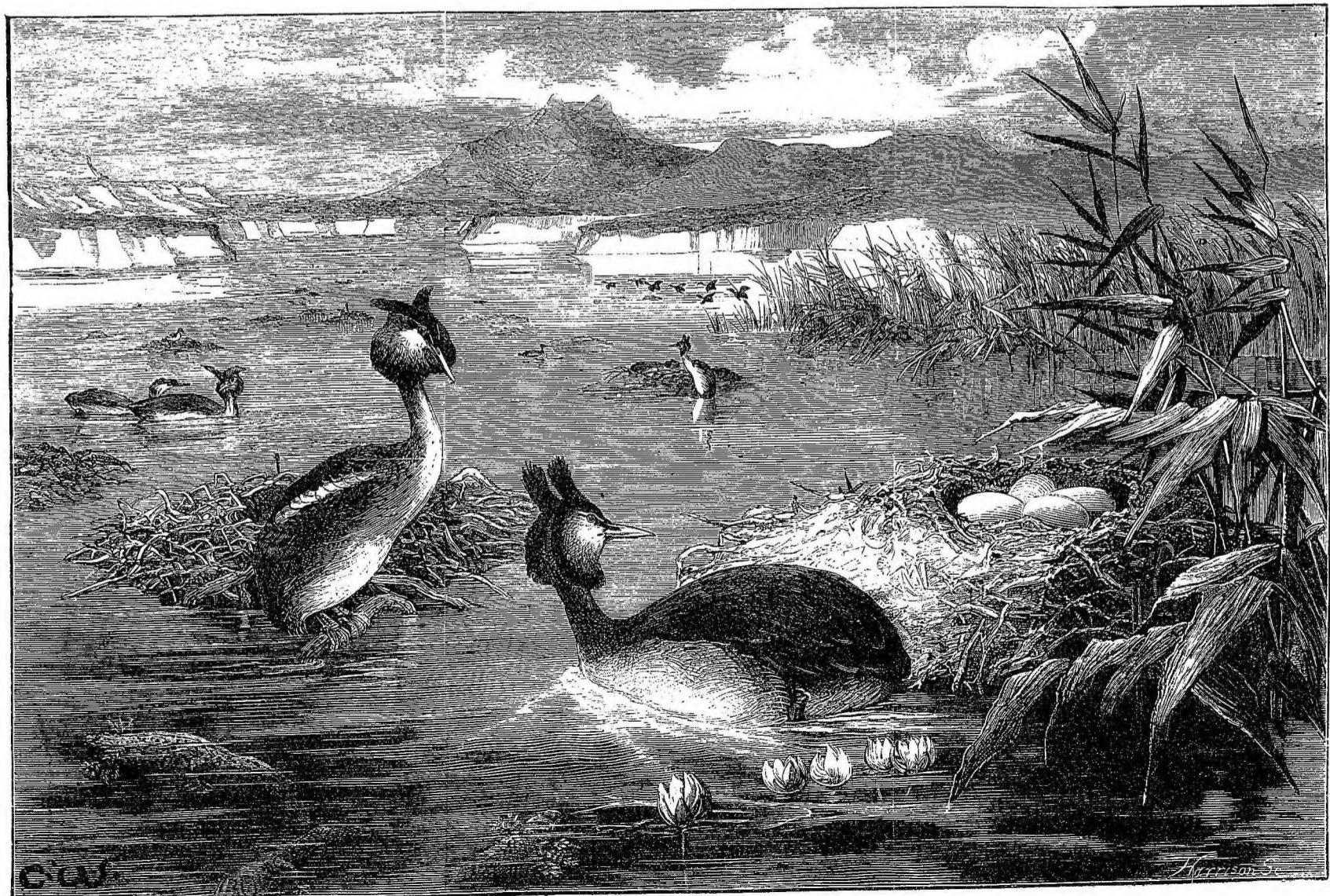
ROMAN REMAINS AT WALLS CASTLE, CUMBERLAND
SEE PLAN ON PAGE 6



SCHLOSS KLEINZSCHOCHER, NEAR LEIPZIG, RESIDENCE OF BARON TAUCHNITZ



BARON TAUCHNITZ, THE GERMAN PUBLISHER



GREBES AND THEIR NESTS

of some defects, are of a high order. Mrs. Kendal fills in the portrait of the "squire" with admirable womanly touches, and displays both in the lighter and graver situations of the play something more than her wonted power. It has pleased Mr. Pinero to introduce, probably for the convenience of Mr. Hare, the character of a rough-spoken, yet kind-hearted parish clergyman, who is represented by that admirable actor with all the bluntness and decision, and with nothing short of the suggestions of benevolent feeling, which the part required. But the lights and shades of the character are too violently contrasted; and, to tell the truth, the "parson" who habitually insults and ostentatiously wounds a sensitive lady, cuts a rather poor figure when he puts in the sentimental plea that he was deceived by a woman he had loved some score of years previously. Mr. Kendal's performance of the thankless part of Lieutenant Thorndyke does much by its unaffected sincerity to redeem the character and win forgiveness for his faults, which are skilfully reduced in the play to a pardonable point. An excellent performance by Mr. Wenman of the part of Gilbert Hythe, the rejected, but still devoted lover of the "Squire," deserves notice; as does a pretty performance by Miss Brereton—a new recruit of the St. James's company—of the part of the maid and companion, already noticed. But, for fidelity to nature, humour, and fertility in suggestive traits, nothing in the whole performance is finer than Mr. Mackintosh's old farm labourer, Gunnion, with his garrulosity, his dogmatism, his feeble self-conceit, his narrow shrewdness, his self-indulgence, his obstinacy, his censoriousness, and all the other qualities which this excellent actor knows how both to portray and to blend into perfect harmony. Let us not omit to praise the air of scrupulously careful preparation which marked not only the performance itself, but all the accessories, scenic and otherwise. *The Squire* is likely to achieve a brilliant, a lasting, and, we will add, a deserved success.

No one who went to see Mr. Pettitt's new play at the ADELPHI on Saturday evening probably expected anything more than an exciting melodrama, in which there would be a rapid succession of incidents of a stirring kind. If so, there could have been assuredly little disappointment on the occasion. *Taken from Life*—such is its somewhat meaningless title—sets forth a story of life in London in which the virtuous are oppressed and the villains are triumphant till, after numberless vicissitudes, the inevitable retribution of the melodramatist trips up the heels of the guilty, and all ends merrily and well. The great sensation scene of the play—the blowing-up of the Clerkenwell Prison by the Fenian conspirators, an event now old enough to be regarded as historical—is very skilfully contrived, and is alarming enough to satisfy the most robust of Adelphian appetites. With Mr. Charles Warner as the hero, and pretty Miss Gerard as the heroine, in association with Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Brook, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Price, and other popular performers, the success of such a play could hardly be doubtful. As a fact, its reception was enthusiastic in the extreme.

Faithful to his principle that the old legends and nursery stories when turned to the purposes of the extravaganza writer should be given in something like coherent form, and if necessary divided like other stories on the stage into acts, Mr. Hollingshead has followed up *The Forty Thieves* and *Whittington* with an extravaganza formed on the story of *Aladdin*. True, the evil magician is baffled in the end by the smart trick of selling for his new lamp not the old one, but a duplicate; but in other respects Mr. Reece has set forth his theme very honestly, while losing, we need hardly say, no opportunity of making it the vehicle of lively and witty dialogue, and songs and dances of the sort in which the patrons of this form of entertainment most delight. Extravaganza is doubtless not the highest sort of dramatic work; but even extravaganza, if it is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and nowhere is it done so well as at the GAIETY. Mr. Hollingshead claims to have kept burning the lamp of burlesque, and it must at least be confessed that in his establishment it burns very brightly. The music, though not always as freshly selected as it might be, is always admirably executed by the efficient orchestra under Herr Lutz's direction; and in the strength of the company, which includes Miss E. Farren, Miss Kate Vaughan, Mr. E. Terry, Mr. Royce, Mr. Squire, Mr. Dallas, Miss Gilchrist, Miss Broughton, and numerous others, the Gaiety is for this class of pieces absolutely unrivaled.

Mr. Sims's new play *The Mother-in-Law*, played for the first time in London on Saturday last at the OPERA COMIQUE, is a very amusing piece of the class known as "farical comedies." It is partly founded on a French piece of the kind, the materials derived from which are cleverly combined with a great deal that is of the author's own invention. Mr. Sims displays a remarkable faculty for involving his personages in complications upon complications, all of a more or less ludicrous kind, and is at all events successful in evoking very hearty laughter. The piece is well played by an efficient company, which includes Mr. W. H. Vernon, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Miss Sallie Turner, Mr. Robert Brough, and Miss D'Aguilar.

The OLYMPIC Theatre has reopened under the management of Miss Telbin, with a revival of Mr. Sims's amusing comedy *The Member for Slocum*, and a new domestic musical drama called *The Rustic Maiden*.

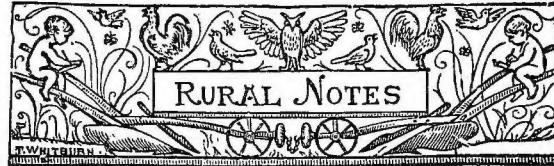
The late Mr. Robertson's *Ours* will be revived at the HAY-MARKET on the 19th inst., when Mrs. Langtry will play the part of Blanche Haye.

SPORTING EXHIBITION AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

JUST now there is open to the public at the Alexandra Palace the largest and best collection of "Sporting" pictures, &c., yet got together, though we by no means forget the highly interesting display at Messrs. Dickinson's, of Bond Street, a few years ago. The Alexandra collection contains over 600 paintings, drawings, and prints illustrative of British Field Sports generally, and, as might be expected, the greater portion are connected with racing, steeple-chasing, and hunting; while "coaching," with its incidents ancient and modern, finds a conspicuous place. When we mention that among the exhibits are specimens of the works of such famous artists as Wyck, Sartorius, Alken, Morland, Landseer, Armfield, Harry Hall; reproductions of pictures by such painters as Gilpin, Reinagle, Pollard, A. Cooper, Carle Vernet, Barraud, and the Wolstenholmes; specimens of the talent of such modern artists as Herring, Sheldon-Williams, B. Nightingale, J. Temple, and J. Sturgess; and much of the exquisite handiwork of such famous caricaturists as J. Gilray, Rowlandson, Bunbury, Cruikshank, and R. Seymour, it is hardly necessary to add that the exhibition is one of very great interest both from a sporting and artistic point of view.

To Mr. Joseph Grego must be given the credit of originating, organising, and getting together this first-class collection of pictures, &c., while he is a very large contributor to the exhibits, and the compiler of a capital catalogue with an introduction and illustrations, which in itself is valuable almost as work of reference in relation to pictures and prints of a sporting character. We feel sure that Mr. Grego will not think it ungracious of us to notice that there is some little confusion as to the numbering and arrangement of a few of the pictures, while some do not appear to have any number at all; and that a colossal sculpture of the Crucifixion, a large portion of which is visible as one faces a screen of sporting caricatures, is hardly in good taste in such a gallery. We wish sufficient space were at our disposal for offering some critical remarks at length on the various exhibits. There are old and new friends in

abundance; Sartorius and other painters of a by-gone age, showing that the then most skilful hands could not correctly draw or give life to horses and dogs in motion, while Herring, Hall, Leech, and other moderns show us that it is possible (to use an Hibernicism) to draw more life-like than life itself. Racing men will find plenty to interest them, famous racehorses being set before them from "Flying Childers" down to "Iroquois," who, by the way, looks much more of a thoroughbred racehorse than does his compatriot Foxhall in the photographs which have lately been painfully conspicuous in some shop-windows. Hunting men are more than amply provided in all kinds of artistic work, including that of the caricaturists; "knights of the trigger" will find the old prints of G. Morland's four "shooting" pictures, and much to their taste in the series from No. 163 to 182; while "knights of the whip" are abundantly catered for in several well-known series of "Coaching Incidents," and pictures ancient and modern illustrative of the joys, the difficulties, and dangers of "the road." Anglers must be content (as they so often have to be) with little, their pursuit not lending itself readily to the brush and pencil except from a ludicrous aspect. They will, however, find a pretty series of common freshwater fish painted from life by E. J. Nieman, from 35 to 43, and perhaps some will "spot" the trout and jack as rather too highly coloured, and the gudgeon with its pearly sheen as the best "catch" of the lot. But here we must reel up our line.



MIDWINTER.—A Scotch correspondent assures us that on Christmas morning boys were skating on his ponds, the ice being fully two inches thick. On the same day three roses were in bloom in the garden, and many wild flowers, the dandelion, and the daisy. The black and flowering currant-bushes are in full bud in many places.

CROWN LANDS for 1881 show a return of 370,000/- against 390,000/- in 1880. Rent remissions no doubt fully cover the difference. We are very glad to find that on the 70,000 acres of agricultural land which 300 tenants hold from Royalty, only twice in the past three critical years has a distress been levied.

LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.—Addressing the Surveyors' Institution the other day, Mr. Tuckett said, "Where the Lincolnshire custom, or some other similar arrangement either by agreement or custom prevails, I do not believe farmers feel any desire for further legislation. Those who think otherwise may be reminded of the history of the custom of the county of Surrey. That custom gave to tenants a right to payment for various improvements and manurings executed in previous years, and it was found so oppressive, so open to fraud, and especially so obnoxious to incoming tenants, that it was generally condemned, and many landlords found it necessary to extinguish it by a considerable money payment to existing tenants, on account of the difficulty of finding good tenants to take their farms whilst it continued. It would be a strange sequel if something of the sort should be compulsorily and gratuitously presented to the tenants now holding." Over-legislation is a danger not to be ignored.

IRISH FARMERS.—The New Year in Ireland rises upon scenes of unpunished murder and unabated crime. Never were Irish farmers more discontented, never were they more prosperous. The past year gave them both of wheat and of oats a relatively better crop than Great Britain, while the potato crop was 25 per cent. over average. Simultaneously the cattle trade has improved, and the fear of American competition has declined. In 1880, 717,000 cattle, 711,000 sheep, and 367,000 pigs were exported; in 1881 the cattle increased to 722,000, the sheep to 715,000, the pigs to 372,000. Prices are relatively high, and the severe check which trichinosis discoveries have offered to the American bacon, ham, and pork trade has given the Irishman a new chance of making money out of the "national animal."

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will hold its Annual Show at Reading in mid-July. The annual meeting will be held on Monday, May 22nd, at noon, in London. The President for 1882 is Mr. J. D. Dent. This famous Society was founded in 1838, and we are glad to see that Lord Chichester, one of the original members, remains on the list of Vice-Presidents. After his lordship, at an interval of several years, come Viscount Eversley, Sir Brandreth Gibbs, and John Bennet Lawes, "the farmer of Rothamsted."

OLD WELLS.—Loud subterranean reports and a shaking of the earth in the yard of Mr. Stevens, of Lewes, led that gentleman to fear that something was rotten in the state of his native town. Investigation showed that a great well, ninety feet deep, existed in the yard, though its disuse and subsequent covering up had passed from general recollection. The danger from old and hidden wells is far more common than most persons would suppose. We ourselves know two such in woods, in one country parish, and the older residents in small towns and villages are generally aware of similar disused wells. Such is the apathy, however, of our unsociable folk, that new-comers will often have a disused well on their premises of which they know nothing, and are told nothing by their neighbours who do know.

THE MARKET GARDENERS OF CORNWALL have a grievance, and one which, unlike most "grievances," so-called, is at once tangible, indisputable, and easily to be remedied. They are perfectly aware that the moist mild climate of their county marks them out as growers of all sorts of early garden produce and vegetable food. They are industrious, frugal, yet enterprising; but how, they ask, can they compete with France and the Channel Islands when the carriage of their produce is so much dearer than the carriage of produce coming from over sea? Potatoes, says the Cornishman's able advocate, Mr. Ross, M.P., cost 40s. per ton carriage from Penzance to London, while potatoes can be sent down from London to Penzance for 20s. per ton. Is this fair? Are not the railways virtually allowed to establish a protective tariff in favour of the foreigner? We hope that Mr. Ross will press his point in Parliament, as well as at local meeting, in the injured districts.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A Dumfrieshire landowner, recently dead, has left 85,000/- to his shepherd, 17,000/- to his forester.—Captain Curtis informs us that since 1842 we have purchased from Peru guano to the value of 200,000,000/- sterling. If these figures are correct, here we have capital, to the extent of 10,000,000/- a year, sunk in land improvement in a single manure!—Linpluem, an important landed estate in the Lothians, has just changed hands at the price of 35,000/-, or about twenty-three years' purchase on the present net rental.—A great grain warehouse at Rochdale has been burnt down, and the damage is estimated at nearly 150,000/-.—The population of England and Wales is 25,968,286, the number of paupers 809,341. Thus one Englishman in thirty is a pauper. This is bad enough; but let us turn to Ireland. Here, with a population of 5,159,839, we have 549,794 paupers, so that one Irishman in nine is a pauper.—We regret to have to announce four new outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease, all in the county of Northampton and in contiguous parishes.—The Crewe Agricultural Society have lost 129/- during the year just over.



MR. JUSTICE O'BRIEN, of the Dublin Queen's Bench Division, whose judicial career dates from 1838, died last week at the age of seventy-six.

ANOTHER ESCAPE FROM A LUNATIC ASYLUM was made last week by a man named Pawley, who, however, did not long enjoy his liberty, for, being almost immediately given into custody for travelling on a railway without a ticket, he confessed where he had come from, and was, of course, sent back.

THE WIMBLEDON POISONING CASE.—The magisterial investigation of this case has now been transferred from Wandsworth Police Court to Bow Street, where it is conducted before Sir J. Ingham, who on Monday ordered a further adjournment until Friday (yesterday). The evidence already taken goes to show that the prisoner, Dr. Lamson, had been for some time in a very impecunious condition; that he had left Bournemouth after his furniture was sold under a distress warrant, and that the local Medical Society had expelled him from membership for attaching to his name degrees of Paris, London, and Cambridge, to which he was not entitled; that peculiarly he was interested in the death of the lad; and that in the boy's box the police had found two pills and some powders, some of which contained enough aconitine to cause death. It is stated that parts of the vomit and the intestines of the deceased have been given by the analysts to animals, which have died in consequence.

CHRISTMAS FAMILY GATHERING of a most extraordinary character is reported from Derbyshire, where Mr. Palmer-Morewood, J.P., of Alfreton Hall, is alleged to have been grossly maltreated by four of his brothers. The family had dined together, and in the evening the five men adjourned to the library, where the four younger, locking the door, suddenly turned upon their senior, and threatened to shoot him if he did not sign a paper which they produced, and which is supposed to have referred to the settlement of some of the family property. On his refusal they all set upon him, beating him and stripping off his clothes, and finally leaving him bleeding and insensible. Mr. William Palmer-Morewood is now lying in a serious condition from the effects of the assault, and his assailants, who were locked up for one night, and then liberated on bail, are supposed to have left the country. At all events, as they did not appear when the case was called on Monday, their recognisances, amounting to 4,000/-, were estreated, and warrants issued for their arrest.

THE FATALITY AT A MUSIC HALL.—The inquest on the body of the boy who was shot last week at the Oxford Music Hall, Brighton, has resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against the performer, Ah Ling Look, and his wife, who fired the cannon with a red-hot iron; the jury also censuring the proprietress of the hall for neglecting to take proper precautions. The magisterial inquiry has been adjourned, with the view of submitting the case to the Public Prosecutor.

NATHANIEL DRUSCOVITCH, the ex-detective inspector, who, with Meiklejohn and Palmer, suffered two years' imprisonment for participation in the great Turf frauds, died last week of consumption. He was forty-seven years of age, and since the expiration of his sentence had carried on a "private inquiry" business.

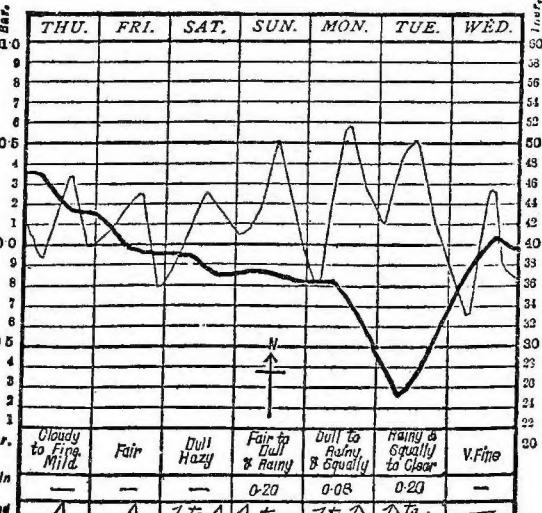
A COSTLY BOOT.—The other day a journeyman shoemaker was charged before a London magistrate with having stolen a single Wellington boot, valued at 30/-, but which it was stated had cost 130/-, the major part of the money having been expended in the purchase of materials on which to practice.

A POLICE INTERREGNUM occurred at Accrington on Saturday. The county police resigned and left the town on Friday night, while the appointment of the new town force only dated from the first hour of the new year.

"THE PRISONER," a new quarterly publication, projected by Mr. Arthur Kinglake (a brother of "Eothen"), will shortly appear. It is to be devoted to the discussion of subjects affecting the improvement of the condition of our prisoners, the state of our gaols and industrial schools, and the progress of the Discharged Prisoners Aid Fund.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

DEC. 29, 1881, TO JAN. 4, 1882 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the early part of this period the weather, although unsettled and windy in the more western and northern parts of the kingdom, was fair in the neighbourhood of London, with a light breeze from the south-west, and temperature a little above the average for the time of year. On Sunday (1st inst.), however, the depressions which have been affecting our western coasts came more distinctly across the country, their first effect being to give us very dull weather and heavy showers. On Monday night (2nd inst.) a rather deep disturbance passed over the north of England, and the wind in London rose to a strong gale from the south-west, with heavy rain squalls. Next morning this had passed away, and since then the weather has been quite fine and bright, although still far from settled. Temperature was lower on Wednesday (4th inst.) than it had been all the week, but the weather even then was by no means cold for the season. The barometer was highest (30.36 inches) on Thursday (29th ult.); lowest (29.26 inches) on Tuesday (3rd inst.); range, 1 to 10 inches. Temperature was highest (51°) on Monday (2nd inst.); lowest (33°) on Wednesday (4th inst.); range, 18°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.48 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.20 inches, on Sunday (1st inst.) and Tuesday (3rd inst.).

THE THREE MAGAZINES
for 1882.
A NEW VOLUME of each just commenced, affording
a convenient opportunity for New Subscribers.

THE QUIVER, FOR SUNDAY
READING, Containing in
EVERY MONTHLY PART SUITABLE READING FOR
EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.
"A safer and more interesting Magazine we do not
know than THE QUIVER. We cannot too much admire
it, especially for the religious illustrations in Christianity
without sectarianism which it sets so pleasantly and
tempingly before the reader."—*Standard*.

Monthly, 6d.
CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGA-
ZINE, in which has just been opened THE
FAMILY PARLIAMENT, for the friendly dis-
cussion of topics of importance and interest in the
home circle. Two New Serial Stories and many
attractive features will be found among the varied
programme commenced with the New Volume.
"CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE has long established
its well-deserved reputation as THE FAVOURITE MAGA-
ZINE."—*Morning Post*.

Monthly, 7d.
LITTLE FOLKS' MAGAZINE
FOR ALL GIRLS AND BOYS.
The JANUARY PART forms the FIRST PART
of a NEW VOLUME, and contains a charming
COLOUR PLATE entitled "CAUGHT," details
of THE "LITTLE FOLKS" HUMANE
SOCIETY; full particulars of a SPECIAL PRIZE
COMPETITION, in which £75 in Money and
Books are offered; TWO NEW SERIAL
STORIES, &c., &c.
"LITTLE FOLKS" is the best Magazine for children."
—*Gazette*, &c., &c.
CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN, and CO., Ludgate
Hill, London.

SECOND EDITION OF THE
ARGOSY for JANUARY, containing the opening
chapters of
MRS. RAVEN'S TEMPTATION.

Second Edition Now Ready of
MRS. HENRY WOOD'S MAGAZINE,
THE ARGOSY for JANUARY.
CONTENTS:—
1. Mrs. Raven's Temptation. A New Illustrated Serial
Story. Chap. I.—At the White Hart. Chap. II.—
Mother and Sons. Chap. III.—In the Moonlight.
Chap. IV.—Family Jars. Illustrated by Robert
Barresi.
2. A Mystery. By Johnny Ludlow.
3. An Eusthetic. With an Illustration.
4. The Spirit Organist of Seville.
5. In the Black Forest. By Charles W. Wood, with
Six Illustrations.
6. Godspeed and Welcome. By G. B. Stuart.
7. Checkmate in Ten Moves. By Anna H. Drury.
Sixpence Monthly.
"The Argosy" is the best and cheapest of our magazines."—*Standard*.

THE ARGOSY.—"The Argosy" is
laden with golden grains of amusement.
There is no monthly magazine gives
greater pleasure."—*Oxford University
Herald*.

THE ARGOSY.—"Interesting and
sparkling as ever."—*Yarmouth Gazette*.

THE ARGOSY.—"Bright and
charming."—*Bath Chronicle*.

THE ARGOSY.—"The Argosy,"
gives us charming tales."—*Sydney Observer*.

THE ARGOSY.—"The best illus-
trated of all our Magazines."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

THE ARGOSY.—"Excellent as
usual; and no reader can wish for better."
—*British Mail*.

THE ARGOSY.—"There is con-
siderable merit in Johnny Ludlow. Fresh-
ness of description in the scenes of country
life and country people."—*Saturday Review*.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGA-
ZINE. Sixpence Monthly.
Second Edition Now Ready for January.

RICHARD BENTLEY and SONS,
New Burlington Street, London, W.

SPECIAL NOTICE
Now Ready, Price One Penny.

NO. X. of the

FAMILY HERALD

LIBRARY of FICTION.

CONTAINING the FIRST PART
of a

NEW NOVEL,
entitled

CAN LOSS BE GAIN?

By the author of "For Love of Him," &c.

NOTE.—No. 6 to No. 10, containing
the complete Three-Volume Novel, entitled
"Mr. Christopher's Wards," may be had by order of
all News-vendors, or direct from the Office free, for
seven penny stamp.

News-vendors unable to obtain the current or back
numbers of the "Library of Fiction," will oblige the
Publisher by forwarding the name of their London
Agent.

WILLIAM STEVENS, 421, Strand, London, W.C., and
at all news-vendors and railway bookstalls.

For advertising spaces apply to GORDON and
GOTCH, Advertising Agents, &c., 15, St. Bride Street,
London, E.C.

Now Ready, price One Shilling (24th Annual Issue).
BEST ROSES, best Flowers of all
kinds, best Fruits, best Vegetables, described,
classified, and sorted as to prices and particular uses
in the GARDEN ORACLE, which contains a complete
Key to the Management of the Garden the whole
year round. The "Gardener's Magazine" Office, 4
Ave Maria Lane, London, E.C.

Now Ready, price One Shilling (24th Annual Issue).
FIFTEEN HUNDRED ROSES
described by Name, Date, Class, Colour, General
Character, and Growth, comprising the principal
varieties introduced within the past fifty years, in the
GARDEN ORACLE for 1882. Now ready, price One
Shilling, post free. The "Gardener's Magazine" Office,
4, Ave Maria Lane, London, E.C.

Now Ready, price One Shilling (24th Annual Issue).
LODGE'S PEERAGE and BARO-
NETAGE for 1882. Under the especial Patronage
of HER MAJESTY. Corrected by the Nobility.
1st Edition, royal 8vo, with the arms beautifully
engraved, 3s. 6d., bound.

HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Gt. Marlborough Street.

SKETCHES OF PROGRESS, by
R. A. ESSERY, Cloth, 3s. 6d.—SIMPKIN,

MARSHALL, and CO., London.

"Almost every phase vivaciously and humorously
noted. Has only to be read to be thoroughly appre-
ciated."—*Western Mail*. "Should find a place in the
library of every household—is calculated to instruct and
amuse."—*Cambridgian*.

THE GHOST OF ALL GHOSTS IS
THE GHOST THAT RAN AWAY

WITH THE ORGANIST. Eighth Thousand.

Will appear and scare any one if 4d. for his journey is
sent to Mr. FOWLE, Hillingdon, Uxbridge.

"JONES AMONG THE LAND SHARKS."
Amusing Reading. 4d.

PHOTOGRAPHS well-coloured
(face only) for 2s.

Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Uppham Park Road,
Turnham Green, London, W.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM cured
by the use of DR. LAVILLE'S CURATIVE
LIQUOR or PILLS. To be obtained of all respectable
Chemists, price 1s. per bottle. All who are afflicted
with these diseases should read Dr. Laville's celebrated
Treatise. Post free, 4d. F. NEWBERRY and SONS,
1, King Edward Street, London.

COMFORTABLE & PLEASANT
HOME in Dorking, for two or three friends,
sisters, or aged couple and daughter. Neighbourhood
very healthy and picturesque, abounding in lovely
walks. Ten minutes' walk from Old Dorking Station
on S.R. Line.—Address Miss HOARE, 63, South Street,
Dorking.



SALE OF SILKS AND SATINS. THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD.

SILKS. A very good Black Corded Silk, 1s. 9d. per yard, or 12 yards : : : : : 1s. 00
SILKS. A Superior Lyons Gros Grain, 3s. 11d. per yard, or 12 yards : : : : : 2s. 50
SILKS. A good Black Satin Dress of 12 yards, 24 inches wide, all pure Silk, for
N.B.—These are most astonishing prices for the above, and look fully worth double.
SILKS. Rich Coloured Gros Grains in New Gaslight Shades, for Dinner and Evening Wear.
Brocades, Velvets, Plushes to match.

10,000 REAL JAPANESE SILK DRESSES,
SPECIAL LOUIS VELVETEEN.

6,000 Boxes, in Black and all Colours, Reduced to 1s. 6d. by the Piece of 27 yards. FAST PILE.
GENOA FAST PILE LOUIS VELVETEEN,
2s. 11d. per yard. Richest made, 3s. 11d.

10,000 SCOTCH TWEED DRESSES.
5s. 11d. for 12 yards. SALE PRICE.

10,000 BEAUTIFUL HEATHER AND
SHOT MIXTURE DRESSES.
8s. 11d. for 12 yards. SALE PRICE.

10,000 NEW MATERIALS OF ALL
KINDS.
12s. 9d. for 12 yards. SALE PRICE.

ALL COMPLAINTS SHOULD BE MARKED "PRIVATE."
Complete Sets of Patterns forwarded to all parts of the globe same day as receipt of order.

CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.

IN USE IN THE HIGHEST CIRCLES HALF-A-CENTURY
WHITE, SOUND, and BEAUTIFUL
TEETH INSURED.

JEWSBURY and BROWN'S

ORIENTAL
TOOTH
PASTE.

JEWSBURY & BROWN, Manchester.
PEARLY WHITE and SOUND TEETH, firm and healthy
gums, so essential to beauty and fragrant breath, are
all insured by this refined toilet luxury, composed of
pure ingredients medically approved. It PRESERVES
THE TEETH and GUMS to OLD AGE. See Trade
Mark and Signature on every box of the Genuine.
Pots, 1s. 6d.; Double, 2s. 6d. All Perfumers and Chemists.

Popular AMER PICON
Drink of France NOW TO BE HAD
and the Continent. in
Or direct of E. SOHN & CO., The Exchange, Southwark St., London.

SAMUEL BROTHERS,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
BOYS' OUTFITTERS, &c.
65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

"WEAR RESISTING"
FABRICS (REGD.) for
GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS',
AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

GENTLEMEN'S MORNING OR
TRAVELLING SUITS.
B CLASS. 42s.
A vast assortment ready for immediate use, or made
to measure.

BOYS' OVERCOATS, 1os. 6d. to 42s.
BOYS SUITS, 1os. 6d. to 39s.
Prices varying according to size.

NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries, in 3 vols.

STRANGE CHAPMAN. By W.
MARSHALL, Author of "Monsell Digby."
THE SILVER LINK. By Mrs. HUSTON, Author
of "Recommended to Mercy."

TIME AND CHANCE. By Mrs. TON KELLY.
Second Edition.

MY LORD AND MY LADY. By Mrs. FORRESTER.
Third Edition.

THE QUESTION OF CAIN. By Mrs. CASHEL HOYE.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Gt. Marlborough Street.

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists.

THE WEALEMEFNA.—The
Bijou Measuring Machine and Watch Guard
Pendant. By simply passing it over a surface, the exact
distance in feet, inches, and fractions, is recorded on
the dial. Supersedes miles and
tape, required to 25 ft., measures
squares meandering routes on
maps, and is largely used by
Military and Naval Officers,
Architects, and Surveyors, for
professional purposes, and by
Sportsmen, Bicyclists, Tourists,
&c. Gilt, silver-plated, or
Nickel, 7s. 6d. Silver, 12s. 6d.

Gold from 30s. Post free on receipt of P.O.O. of
All Opticians, and THE MORIS PATENTS EN-
GINEERING WORKS, 50, High Street, Birmingham.
Illustrated Price Lists post free.

INSTITUTE MESS-PHILIPS
FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN,
AT NEUWIED-ON-THE-RHINE.
Prospects and unexceptionable References on
application. Herr Mess will be in London from the
7th to the 13th instant, and may be seen at the Holborn
Viaduct Hotel on the 9th inst., from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

TAILOR-MERCHANT.
ALFRED MONARCH-KINO.
39, 40, Cornhill,
87, Regent Street, { London.
29, Ludgate Hill.

JOHN REDFERN & SONS,
LADIES' TAILORS,
BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO

H.M. The Queen, H.R.H. The Princess of Wales, H.I.M. The Empress of Russia,

Have the pleasure of informing Ladies that they have opened a Branch Business at

242, RUE DE RIVOLI (Place de la Concorde), PARIS.

It will be under the personal management of one of the Messrs. REDFERN, and will be specially devoted to the

production of English Travelling and Walking Gowns, Coats, &c.

The most noted Firm of Ladies' Tailors in the World, and (be it said) the most Original."—Extract "Court Journal."

JAY'S MOURNING.

MOURNING FOR FAMILIES.

Messrs. JAY's experienced Dressmakers and
Milliners travel to any part of the Kingdom, free
of expense to purchasers. They take with them dresses
and millinery, besides patterns of materials, all marked
in plain figures, and at the same price as if purchased
at the Warehouse in Regent Street. Funerals at stated
charges conducted in London or country.

JAY'S, REGENT STREET.

A SALE OF MANTLES AND COSTUMES.

RICH NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, AT UNIVERSALLY TEMPTING

PRICES.

PINGAT'S HENTENAAR'S, GRANGE-MAGENTIES'

MANTLES and COSTUMES,

some of them valued in Paris at 1,000 francs each

MESSRS. JAY HAVE PUR-

CHASED at wholesale reductions the valuable
stocks of these known Artistes des Modes de Paris,
and now offer them to the public at least 50 per cent.
under the usual retail prices, and within the reach of
all well-to-do classes.

JAY'S, LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WARE-
HOUSE, Regent Street, W.

FURS.

THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE.

163 and 165—REGENT STREET—163 and 165.

A Seasonable Present—
A Sealskin Jacket, price 10 Guineas.

A Seasonable Present—
A Sealskin Hat, price One Guinea.

A Seasonable Present—
A Fur-lined Cloak, price 2½ Guineas.

THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE,
163 and 165—REGENT STREET—163 and 165.
(Doors from New Burlington Street.)

THE ART JOURNAL.

2s. 6d. Monthly. Yearly Subscription, 30s.

To be had of all Booksellers.

THE JANUARY NUMBER commences a New Volume,
and contains three Plate Illustrations; also Essays on
interesting Art Subjects, Illustrated with numerous
Wood Engravings; and the usual carefully selected
Items of news on artistic matters.

CONTENTS OF THE JANUARY NUMBER.

ETCHING.

THOMAS CARLYLE IN HIS GARDEN,
From a Drawing from life by Mrs. ALLINGHAM.

ETCHING.

CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR. From a
Painting by ERNEST CROFTS, A.R.A.

Engraved by WILLIAM FRENCH.

FAC-SIMILE.

DANCING CHILDREN. From a Drawing
by LUCA CANGIAO.

ILLUSTRATED PAPERS.

THE VEILED LADY OF RAPHAEL. By
PROF. SIDNEY COLVIN.

JOHN TENIEL. By ARTHUR A'BECKETT.

AN ETRUSCAN SEPULCHRE. By S.
BOMPIANI.

ROUEN. By A. B. BLAKE.

ARTISTIC METAL WORK.

DRAWINGS BY OLD MASTERS.

THE GROWTH AND DECLINE OF
FRENCH ART.

Also Papers on SMOKES IN THE MANUFACTURING
DISTRICTS, by WILLIAM BOUSFIELD; A COUNTRY
PARSON'S ART TREASURES; CARLYLE IN HIS
EIGHTH YEAR; WINTER EXHIBITIONS

CHAPPELL and CO.'S NEW

DANCE MUSIC.

Nearest and Dearest Waltz D'Albert.
Patience Waltz and Quadrille D'Albert.
Patience Lancers and Polkas D'Albert.
Olivette Waltz and Quadrille D'Albert.
Olivette Lancers and Polka D'Albert.
Drink, Puppy, Drink, Polka D'Albert.
Venetia Waltz Caroline Lowthian.
Je T'aime Valse Waldeufel.
Mother Hubbard Polka Caroline Lowthian.
Price 2s each net.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S NEW

SONGS.

Just as of Old Madame Sainton Dolby
Gates of the West Caroline Lowthian.
Shepherdess Song Alice Borton.
When all the World is Young, Lad Alice Borton.
Soft, Soft Wind, from out the Sweet South Alice Borton.
Margaret to Dolcino, and Dolcino to Margaret Alice Borton.
The Reason Why! E. Cowen.
In Youth's Season Gounod.
My Beloved Pinsuti.
In the Twilight of Our Love A. Sullivan.
(Drawing-room version of "Silver'd is the Raven H. H. from "Patience.")
Two's the Best of Company Miss A. M. Wakefield.
When the Heart is Far Away Miss A. M. Wakefield.
Price 2s each net.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S NEW

PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Janotta (Valse Brillante) 2s. net.
Janotta (Gavotte) 2s. net.
Lord Duppini (Gavotte) 2s. net.
Jules de Sivria (Handelian Dance) 2s. net.
Cotsford Dicke (Echoes of the Hunt, Fantasia on Whyte-Melville's Hunting Songs) 2s. net.
Smallwood (Allegro a la Rigadon) 1s. 6d. net.
CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.

WHYTE-MELVILLE'S HUNTING SONGS.

A RUM ONE TO FOLLOW, A BAD ONE TO BEAT E. R. TERRY. 2s. net.
THE GOOD GREY MARSH. THEO. MARZIALS. 2s. net.
THE GALLOPPING SQUIRE. E. R. TERRY. 2s. net.
THE CLIPPER THAT STANDS IN THE STALL AT THE TOP. J. L. HATTON. 2s. net.
DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK. 2s. net.
CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond St.; and 15, Poultry.

ECHOES OF THE HUNT. A

Transcription for the Pianoforte of Whyte-Melville's Hunting Songs, "Drink, Puppy, Drink," "The Clipper that Stands in the Stall at the Top," and "The Galloping Squire," by Cotsford Dicke. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond St.; and 15, Poultry.

PATIENCE. An Aesthetic Opera

by W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN, now

being performed at the Savoy Theatre with enormous

success.

LIBRETTO. 1s. VOCAL SCORE. 5s.

PIANOFORTE SOLO. 3s.

All the following sent post free for half price.

PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS.

BOSTON SMITH'S Fantasia 4s.

KUKE's Fantasia Each 3s.

SMALLWOOD's Easy Fantasias, 1, 2, 3 Each 3s.

FRED. GODFREY'S Grand Selection. (As played by all the Military Bands) 4s.

Ditto as a Duet 4s.

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond St.; and 15, Poultry.

MRS. L. MONCRIEFF'S NEW

SONGS.

"Twas Only a Year Ago, Love.

A Creole Love Song. Thoughts at Sunrise.

Price 2s. each net.

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond St.; and 15, Poultry.

CHAPPELL and CO. have on View

Every description of PIANOFORTES by the best makers, returned from hire, to be sold at greatly reduced prices for cash; or may be purchased on the Three Years' System.

CHAPPELL PIANOFORTES

from 15 guineas.

COLLARD PIANOFORTES from

30 guineas.

ERARD PIANOFORTES from 40 guineas.

BROADWOOD PIANOFORTES from 35 guineas.

FOREIGN PIANOFORTES from

30 guineas. Lists on application.

50, New Bond Street; City Branch: 15, Poultry.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE

YEARS' SYSTEM of HIRE of PIANOFORTES, HARMONIUMS, and AMERICAN ORGANS, by which the instrument becomes the property of the hirer at the end of the third year, provided each quarter's hire shall have been regularly paid in advance. Pianofortes from two guineas; harmoniums from 4s. 5d.; American Organs from 2s. 10d. a quarter. Catalogues on application.

CHAPPELL and Co.'s PIANINOS,

from 20 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED OBLIQUE PIANOS for Extreme

Climates, from 35 Guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S EARLY

ENGLISH PIANOFORTES, artistically de-

signed Ebonized Cases, from 45 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED, OVERSTRUNG PIANOFORTES,

from 40 Guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-DOUBLE OVERSTRUNG PIANOFORTES,

Check Actions, &c., from 60 Guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-GRANDS, from 75 Guineas.

CHICKERING PIANOFORTES,

from 120 Guineas. (With American discount.)

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ALEX-

ANDRE HARMONIUMS, for Church, Schools,

or Drawing Rooms, from 6 to 150 guineas, or on the

Three Years' System, from 4s. 5d. per quarter.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S Improved

AMERICAN ORGANS, combining pipes with

reeds. Manufactured by Clough and Warren, Detroit, U.S.A. A large variety on view from 18 to 250 guineas.

Price lists on application to CHAPPELL and CO.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S PET

ORGAN. Seven Stops, including Sub-Bass and Octave Coupler, Elegant Carved Walnut Case, 18 Gs.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S

GRAND ORGAN MODEL Two Claviers.

Two-and-a-half Octave of Pedals. Twenty-three

Stops. Seventeen Sets of Reeds. Elegant Diapered

Pipes. Solid Walnut Case. 225 Guineas. The most

perfect American Organ manufactured.

Illustrated lists post free.

A LARGE DISCOUNT to PUR-

CHASERS for CASH.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond St.; 15, Poultry.

INSTRUMENTS by all Makers

I may be hired or purchased on the Three Years'

System. CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

GABRIEL DAVIS'S Popular Songs.

WHO'S FOR THE QUEEN? (New Patriotic

Song.) Sung by Mr. THURLEIGH BEALE. Words by

F. E. WEATHERLEY. 4s.

KING CARNIVAL. Words by F. E. WEATHERLEY. 4s.

BY THE RIVER. Words by HERBERT GARDNER. 4s.

ELSIE (The Flower Girl's Song). 4s.

Sung by Miss ADA TOLKIEN.

THE ZINGARA. 4s.

Sung by Miss JOSE SHERRINGTON.

THE COMING YEAR. Words by DEAN ALFORD. 4s.

London: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO., 15, Berners

Street, W., and 80 and 82, Queen Street, E.C.

THE SINGERS FROM THE SEA.

A CANTATA FOR FEMALE VOICES.

By A. H. BEHREND.

Poetry by HUGH CONWAY.

"The prettiest composition of its kind produced this season. . . . All is equally dainty in its way; in fact, we know of no musical work more suitable for a school or party where the female element predominates. Vide *The Graphic*. "We may recommend the cantata to the notice of all, as containing some very fresh and interesting music. The subject is poetical, and the work refined enough for use by the most fastidious class of lady amateurs."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Post free for 2s 6d.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

EVENTIDE: Contralto or Mezzo-Soprano Song.

By A. H. BEHREND. Words by F. E. WEATHERLEY.

Post free for 2s 4d.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE FAIRY RING. A. H. BEHREND.

Poetry by HUGH CONWAY.

"The one who steppeth over a fairy ring and danceth all night with the Fays, findeth when the cock crows, and the Elfin band vanish, that seven years have passed in what seemed a single night."

Post free for 2s 4d.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

HOPKINS' & Dr. RIMBAULT'S

GREAT WORK, on the "HISTORY and CON-

STRUCTION OF THE ORGAN."

Third Edition. Price 5s 6d. 3d.

"The book stands alone of its kind, and cannot fail to meet with increasing demand."

Illustrated *London News*."Altogether one of the most generally interesting of technical works that we could name."—*Graphic*.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S

CATALOGUES, GRATIS and post free.

Elementary Works. PIANO MUSIC.

Educational Works. PLATE MUSIC.

Orchestral Music. PLATE MUSIC.

Violin Music. PLATE MUSIC.

Organ Music. CLASSICAL MUSIC.

And Green Catalogues for Teachers.

London: New Burlington Street.

DON'T FORGET ME. By Ciro PINZUTI.

"The popularity of this beautiful song continues unabated, and it justly ranks with his most successful compositions."

Post free for 2s 4d.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THY VOICE IS NEAR. By W. T. WRIGHTON.

"The numerous editions of this well-known song has passed through is of itself a sufficient recommendation."

Post free for 2s 4d.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S Publications:

Price 2s. 6d. each volume paper, and 4s. cloth, gilt edges.

THE SONGS OF SCANDINAVIA

(too songs).

THE SONGS OF EASTERN EUROPE

(8 songs), all with English words.

"We must say that no musical library is complete without these books. 'The Songs of Eastern Europe' contains a very valuable collection of Volkslieder from the hitherto untouched wealth of the Austrian provinces."—*Light Telegraph*.

HAMILTON TIGHE. Cantata by G. COOTE.

GEORGE FOX, for Baritone, Soprano, and Chorus.

HAMILTON TIGHE, words from the "Ingoldsby Legends," occupies twenty minutes in performance. Price 1s. vocal score.

THE MASCOTTE, complete with English words, 7s. 6d.; complete for Pianoforte, 2s. 6d.

THE MASCOTTE LANCERS, POLKA, and GALOP. By COOTE. 2s. each.

THE MASCOTTE VALSE. By WALDEUFE, 2s.

THE MASCOTTE QUADRILLE. By METRA. 2s.

THE MILLER AND THE MAID. By MARZIALS. Sung by Miss Mary Davies. 2s.

"Cannot fail to become popular. It tells a simple story with quaintness and piety, and the music in all respects comports with the words."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

THE LONG AVENUE. By MOLLOY. Sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling. 2s.

THE LITTLE HERO. By STEPHEN ADAMS. Sung by Mr. Maybrick. 2s.

"The Little Hero" was received with extraordinary enthusiasm, and may be depended upon a winning card all through the season."—*The Daily Telegraph*. "The Little Hero" was again the hero of the evening."—*World*.

THE VIKINGS' SONG. By STEPHEN ADAMS. Sung by Signor Foli. 2s.

THE NIGHT WATCH. By PINZUTI. Sung by Mr. Barrington Foote. 2s.

SANTLEY'S NEW SONGS. By ERIC LOVETTE.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON. By MAUDE VALERIE WHITE. Words by RICHARD LOVETTE, 1618.

GIPSY JOHN. By Frederic Clay.

THE BARKSHIRE TRAGEDY. By BEHREND.

THE BOATSWAIN'S STORY. By MOLLOY.

HOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

I F. and A. AUNTIE. By Weatherley and BEHREND. Sung by Madame Patey. Immensely popular. 2s. net.—PATEY and WILLIS, 39, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

THE LOVE CHASE. By Michael WATSON. "One of the best hunting-songs ever written."—Review. 2s. net.—PATEY and WILLIS, 39, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

A WINTER'S STORY. By MICHAEL WATSON. Sung with the greatest success by Madame Patey. 2s. net.—PATEY and WILLIS, 39, Great Marlborough Street, W.

TWAS ONLY A YEAR AGO. By BARNES. "A remarkably